DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Way of Life.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air!
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and a lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

STORY TELLER.

HOW PEGGY SAVED THE MILL.

BY FREDERICK H. KELSEY.

In a flourishing Eastern town, situated in a beautiful valley through which a small stream rippled merrily along between its verdant banks, there was located, some years ago, a woolen manufactory, employing about seventy-five men and girls.

The village itself was a fascinating one. In the centre was a beautiful park, with rustic seats arranged on each side of the central walk, and a sparkling fountain sending up its rainbow-colored spray. Just across the bridge from the park was the depot, and the railroad track stretched away in a long straight line in either direction.

The factory stood near the river, a short distance above the village, but so near that the thunder of its machinery could be distinctly heard. A large boarding-house, which was the home of most of the employes of the mill, was situated about midway between the factory and the bridge, and at morning, noon, and night, while the great bell was tolling, there was a moving stream between the doors of this house and those of the mill.

For a long distance up the stream, the road, the river, and the railway could be distinctly seen, running side by side in almost parallel lines. At times they seemed really to converge, and, in fact, in some places the iron rails were laid only a few feet from the water. However, the river was a small one,—so small that it would have been wholly insufficient to supply the mill with power, had it not been for a large reservoir several miles above, in which a large quantity of water could be stored, and no danger was feared from an overflow. The valley was enclosed on both sides by sloping hillsides, covered with a thick growth of poplar, and far up the river the lofty head of a mountain peak rose high above the receding hills.

On the afternoon of one of the summer holidays, as was usual, the great wheels in the factory were silent, and the large company of hard-worked men and boys, and pale-faced girls and women, were enjoying a general good time at a picnic in the woods. There were games of foot-ball by the younger boys; swings had been hung from the high branches, in which the girls took perilous rides; and even the older men were seen indulging in boyish sports.

It was, indeed, an interesting company, though not, of course, a very refined one. Here was the Harwood boys challening the world at a game of pitch the cricket; and there were the two Marshall girls with Fannie Morris and Elsie Day, seated in a group arranging some wild flowers into handsome bouquets for the table. Everyone appeared to be happy, and even the birds seemed to catch the notes of joy, for their best songs were heard mingling with the merry laughter.

But, though no one seemed to notice it, and no one seemed to care, there was one of the factory "hands" who was absent, and this was "Peggy." Peggy was a small, queer, uncouth lad of about sixteen years. For at least five or six years he had no home or relatives of which anybody had ever heard, he had become identified with the mill, and very few outside the circle of his fellow laborers knew or cared anything whatever about him. He was not, in fact, an interesting boy. It is true that he was often seen at church, and when there, appeared as intelligent, and dressed as decently, as most of the common people; but his manners were awkward, and his face had not that bright, cheerfully look, which shows quick intelligence and an ambitious spirit. Nobody seemed to know or care whether he had ever been to school, or what he intended to do with himself in the future.

Peggy occupied a small room on the third floor of the large boarding-house, and whenever anybody thought of him, they pictured the "odd piece" stowed away in his quiet apartment. Nearly the whole of his time outside of working hours was spent in this room, though what he did to amuse himself was a mystery. But Peggy was always faithful. His work was well performed, and he was always at his post when the second bell was rung and the wheels began to move.

On the same afternoon, the manager of the factory was sitting alone in his office. On the table before him were piles of books and papers, and his pen was moving rapidly, as letter after letter was written and directed. At length, however, he laid down his pen, and throwing himself back in his chair, seemed for a time to be engaged in deep thought.

"I must do it," he said, "for the work is increasing. I must take a bright boy from the mill, and give him a place in the office as an assistant; but who shall it be? One of those Harwood boys, I am determined. They are both industrious and capable. Of course, they are boys, and somewhat mischievous, but no matter. I will engage one of them this very evening," and the gentleman then resumed his writing.

When he had finished another letter, he accidentally glanced through the open window, and up the long stretch of level roadway. Instantly pen and paper dropped from his hand, and he hurried to the door. Half a mile up the road a mounted man was seen galloping toward the village at the top of his horse's speed. The manager rushed outside, and in a moment a voice was heard, growing louder and more distinct each second:

"The water! The water is coming! The dam has given way!"

As he drew up his reeking steed at the office door, the excited man, gesticulating wildly, explained that the dam of the great reservoir, situated four miles up the river, had broken away, and the water was rushing down the valley with great rapidity and gigantic force, taking bridges, trees, and even houses in its way. He then dashed off across the bridge to inform the other villagers of the approaching danger.

For a moment the manager was stupefied. Could it possibly be true, or was the man a maniac? Surely he must have exaggerated to the account of the destruction, and yet the reservoir contained a large volume of water, and if suddenly set free, it could not but cause much damage and a great deal of alarm. But what could be done? He looked at the great building with its half open windows, through which he could see the myriads of wheels and shafts and belts, and wondered if it would in a few minutes be swept away and ruined by the on-rushing flood. He looked anxiously up the valley, as if fearing that the watery monster was even now to be seen; but the river was calm and undisturbed as far as his eye could reach. He listened to catch the sound of its thunder; but all was silent, save the hoarse shouts of the horseman as he galloped through the village.

In a very short time the town was thoroughly aroused, and the men, women and the children were rushing wildly from place to place. From those houses near the water, men began to remove whatever they could carry; and many left their homes with the thought that they could never enter them again. Groups of women gathered here and there; crying children ran hither and thither; and great confusion prevailed in every direction. A large crowd gathered near the bridge, waiting to witness its destruction when the moment should arrive.

"It must surely go," said one.

"And the factory, too."

"It was a big pond, that reservoir, and held a vast amount of water."

"We don't know how it gave way," suggested Lawyer Stewart, calmly. "It might all rush out at once, or it might flow out more gradually. At any rate, a large part of its force will be spent before it reaches here."

"If it wasn't for the dam the factory might escape," remarked the village doctor. "The dam will throw the flood back to the building. Something ought to be done to prevent this. If the factory goes the place will die entirely, for it will never be rebuilt."

The two professional gentleman then walked across the bridge, and as if by the common consent, the entire crowd of bystanders followed, and gathered in front of the mill.

The manager had re-entered the office, which was a small room in one end of the factory building, and was wildly gathering up papers and books, and piling them up outside. In a few minutes half a dozen men were tugging away at the safe, and and soon it was landed many rods away.

The crowd constantly increased, hundreds gathering about from all quarters of the village, with pale faces and anxious looks. A messenger had been dispatched to the picnic grounds, and the frightened factory hands began to arrive and mingle with the villagers. All seemed to realize that a great danger was impending, and none knew how great it might be. Nothing, apparently, could be done. Strong men stood motionless and no one offered assistance or advice.

At length, however, the manager, who had been conversing with several gentlemen, seemed to be seized with a sudden idea, and raising his voice and swinging his hat he shouted:

"The flood gates! The flood gates! Who will the open the flood gates?"

But no one stirred.

And now the roaring of the approaching flood was heard. At first it seemed like distant thunder, each minute growing more and more distinct. Then, far away up the river, a huge, wild mass could be seen, rolling and plunging along, now spreading out to fill some willing valley, now rushing on again, like a beast just loosened from the den.

"Two hundred dollars to the man who opens the flood gates!" shouted the manager, hoarsely.

But some could not understand, and no one dared to risk a walk half-way across the stream on the slippery logs of the dam. The gates were large openings in the planks for the purpose of discharging the gravel and flood wood which accumulated in the pond above. They were not easily pried open, but it was plain that if they could not be made to unclose, a vast amount of water could be pressed through them, and the overflow from the dam would be greatly lessened.

"Three hundred dollars!" and the manager ran from one to another, deathly pale, and shouting wildly.

The vast, white, foaming mass was coming nearer. Men's hearts were beating fast. Danger was more imminent.

"Five hundred, then, for it must be done."

But all were silent. There was a strange fascination about the great water avalanche that was winding down the valley, and all eyes were fixed intently upon it.

Suddenly some one rushes through the crowd, throws off coat and jacket, and enters the mill. So swiftly did he fly that no one could say who he was. But the crowd moved nervously downward, in sight of the dam, over which a thin sheet of water was falling.

In a few moments a form could be seen moving beneath this sheet, clinging with one hand to the treacherous logs, and with the other grasping a heavy iron bar. The breathless throng stood in perfect silence, gazing first at the half hidden figure of the adventurer and then at the onward rushing flood. In less than one minute's time the figure was seen to have reached the centre of the dam; a few dull blows were heard, and then beneath the black logs and timbers there poured forth a boiling, foaming stream and the water in the pond above began rapidly to sink. Moving on a dozen feet, the unknown hero, after a few more blows, wrenched open the gate.

But the flood was now near, and how could the brave hero beneath the dam escape? There seemed to be no time to crawl slowly back upon the logs! to climb up over the dam was impossible, and to risk a plunge below was dangerous. No time could be lost; and throwing down the iron bar, he turned and began to move his way back along the difficult path. He had gone but a few yards when a cry of pain and fear broke from the lips of the throng, and with a horrible roar the water rushed in greater volume through the gates and began to overflow the dam.

One rod more and he would be safe; but the overpowering flood now hid him entirely from view. Could he walk behind that mighty torrent? And if he could, might not the vast weight crush the rotting planks and logs and bury him beneath the fearful wreck? A dozen men rushed wildly towards the entrance of the mill, though no one dared to go within. For one minute they waited breathlessly; then with torn and blackened clothes, from which the water ran in streams, a brave young lad appeared at the door, and just as the loud shout of joy for his safety rose from the waiting crowd, he fell to the ground insensible.

The men picked him up and carried him beyond the reach of danger, but they could not tell his name. Hundreds thronged around him, forgetting for the time the howling, roaring, seething flood, which was threatening to undermine the very town itself.

"It is a stranger," remarked a bystander.

"He works in the factory," said another.

Then the manager came up, elbowing his way through the thickly packed multitude.

"Great Heavens!" he cried, as he took one of the boy's wet hands in his, "it is Peggy!"

The flood rushed onward, tumbling and boiling in it's wild, fierce wrath, as though maddened that it's work of destruction could not be greater. For half an hour the villagers trembled for the safety of the mill, the bridge, and the houses nearer the stream; and when the greatest force of the water seemed to be spent, and only a few small buildings had been harmed, their excitement and anxiety abated, and with many expressions of thankfulness and wonder at their narrow escape, they began more calmly to survey the situation.

Peggy was seized by strong arms and carried to his own room. When he revived his eyes rested upon the manager, and other gentlemen, all of whom spoke in praise of his daring deed.

"You have saved the mill, Peggy," said the manager, "and the five hundred dollars is yours. You did what no other man in town would do."

For several days Peggy remained quietly in his room; for the strain of those few moments of terror when his chance of escape from the wrathful torrent seemed to be entirely gone, had left him faint and paralyzed. When he did go out, however, he found that he had suddenly risen to fame. Everybody seemed anxious to see him. Those who had often passed him with a sneer or with stolid indifference were now desirous to make his acquaintance. After much questioning it was learned that Peggy had been working to support a younger sister in an orphanage, and at the same time endeavoring to secure an education for himself, that he might by and by be able to command larger wages and support himself and his sister more comfortably.

Peggy did not refuse the five hundred dollars. It was placed to his credit in the bank, and by advice of his manager he left the mill and for one year devoted himself to study. At his books he worked as earnestly and faithfully as he had done in the mill, and at the end of the year he was prepared to enter college. He did not choose to do this, however, but returned and entered once more in the employ of the manufacturing company—not to be known by the old epithet of "Peggy," but as the efficient and faithful assistant manager.

Short Rules for Long Comfort at Home.

Put self last.

Be prompt at every meal.

Take little annoyances out of the way.

When good comes to any one rejoice.

When any one suffers speak a word of sympathy.

Tell neither of your own faults nor of those of others.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Hide your own troubles, but watch and help others in theirs.

Take hold of the knob, and shut, without slamming, the door.

If the door squeaks, apply the drop of oil at once.

Never interrupt any conversation, but watch patiently your turn to speak.

Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.

INITIATING A BROKER.

HOW A DULL DAY ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE WAS SPENT.

[*New York World.*]

Yesterday was the dullest day on 'Change that has been known for some time. There was absolutely nothing doing; consequently the bulls and bears laid aside their ferocious looks and went in for fun, and before the gong sounded they had it. The chairman did all a man could do to preserve order, but the task was too much for him and he wisely gave it up.

A little before 2 o'clock a faultlessly dressed young broker, with a beautifully curled silk tile resting on the side of his head, sauntered into the room. A knot of men, who had been vainly endeavoring to get up some excitement in Lake Shore, caught sight of the new-comer. In a flash they surrounded him and his head-gear was soon flying toward the other end of the room. Two minutes afterward a gray-headed broker walk-up to the hatless dude and presented him with a rim and a few fluttering ribbons attached to it. 'Twas all that remained of one of the latest styles.

THE OLD AND SEDATE.

A broker with a perfectly bald head, except a fringe of white hair on the sides, pushed his way into a group of Union Pacific men. When he emerged from the crowd his head was ornamented with red, yellow and white envelopes which had been glued fast thereon. Without attempting to remove the stationery he mingled with the crowd around the "Loan" sign, when presto! three frisky members of the board surrounded him, and with lead pencils commenced writing orders on the envelopes which adorned his pate. Whistles, shrieks, yells, cat-calls and in one corner a quartette of brokers rendering a popular air made things lively for the inmates of the visitors' gallery.

Here is a sediate looking individual who might easily be taken for a deacon of a church, amuses himself by forcing a newspaper down over a fellow-broker's head till the latter looks like a schoolboy with one of the prevailing wide collars about his throat. There stands a dignified broker, who must be 55 at least and whose hair and side-whiskers are completely gray, blowing away for dear life on a tin whistle. Further on is a fastidious broker with a silken tile, which he holds on to with both hands while he shouts out, "Five hundred at two -o-o!" the last word sounding like a Sandy Hook fog-horn. Up comes a friend and engages him in conversations; two others jokers post themselves behind him. In an unguarded moment Mr. Fastidious removes his hands from his hat, when bang!! off it goes, to be passed from broker to brokers till it winds up in a corner looking like a relic of the 17th of March. But here comes an employe with a watering-pot, engaged in sprinkling the paper-littered floor. He is quietly hustled into a corner by two or three mischief-makers, one of whom, a six-footer, grabs the watering-pot and goes from group to group industriously sprinkling the brokers' neatly polished shoes. Finally the sprinkler is snatched away from the self-appointed employe and is returned to its rightful owner battered and bent and looking as if it had passed through a clothes-wringer.

A NEW MEMBER.

But what means this wild, prolonged howl and this sudden stampede at the far end of the room? An excited crowd struggle and push and shove around a pale little man with a black mustache, and the word passes around from mouth to mouth, "A new member!" With a stalwart broker on either side of him the little man tries hard to appear composed and at his ease. He even attempts to smile, but it is a dead failure. He is rushed up to the chairman's desk, and hastily introduced to that individual, who smilingly implores the boys "not to be too rough." Then the new member is backed out into the center of the room by his guides, and the fun begins. His derby hat takes wings and, describing a curve that would have made a boomerang blush, lands in the middle of the shouting crowd, who tear it to pieces. The new man is jammed, embraced, kicked, caressed, bent double, lifted by the ears, forced on his knees and straightened out again. He is introduced to thirty or forty men, each of whom hugs him in the most affectionate manner. He is deposited in the laps of members who are seated, and they bounce him out into the crowd like a shot from a cannon. In despair he makes a bolt for a side door, but is dragged back unceremoniously and introduced all over again. Finally the young man, whose smile by this time has become an absolute look of pain, is forced into the lap of the only man on 'Change who is known to get mad at a practical joke. He goes by the name of "Cross" Carey, wears a sack coat, a low-cut vest, showing a yard or so of shirt front, and an old felt hat. The new member politely offers his hand to the other individual, who quietly turns his back on him.

Then the new broker is forgotten and Mr. Carey's case is taken up. The brokers in the rear of the crowd shove those in front, and again and again they fall in a heap on Mr. Carey, who waxes madder and madder. Finally he shoves his way through the throng to the chairman and lodges a complaint. A perfect storm of hisses and groans arises and in a instant the rash man's felt hat is gone. He, white with fury, gesticulates and shouts at the chairman, who tries to pacify him. Losing all control of himself "Cross" Carey forces his way to an ice-water cooler and seizing and filling cup after cup, hurls the contents over the crowd, who jeer at him and take the cup out of his hands. The chairman fines several members, but the 3 o'clock gong sounds at this instant, and he has no further jurisdiction over them. Recognizing this fact, Carey assumes a ferocious expression, buttons up his coat, strikes out right and left at his tormentors, and finally succeeds in making his way through them and out of a side door into the street.

A House for Sale.

A citizen in the western part of the city who has a house for sale says that he has learned more of human nature in the last three months than during all his life before. Nine people out of ten who come to look at his $10,000 house haven't $10 to buy it with. The same proportion are deliberate liars. Nineteen out twenty want every room changed about. Ten out of twelve go all through the house and then object to the street. Not one single woman out of the scores who have called at the house had any other idea than to satisfy a temporary curiosity. One woman had every room measured to see if her carpets would fit and then suddenly discovered that the house was a whole block from the street cars. Another sat for two hours and planned how she could fix every room, and then left the place in a huff because there wasn't a Methodist Church on the next corner. A third was about to leave $200 to bind the bargain until the next day, when it suddenly occurred to her that her sister out in Pontiac might not like the location, thought the poperty cheap, and would return next day. The citizen finally got tired of such conduct, and now when one calls he asks:

"Do you wish to look at the house or the furniture?"

"Oh, the house, of course."

"Well, this house stands on the north side of the street. It is on block 14, lot 42. The house is of wood. It is forty rods to a church and eighty to a schoolhouse. Street cars do not pass the door. Circus processions never come this way. Now, then, have you any idea of buying?"

"Certainly. We must move next week."

"Very well. Please deposit $2 for my trouble of showing you over."

"Two dollars! I'd like to see myself! Why, your house is the poorest one for sale in Detroit, and I'd not live in it rent free!"

"But you came here to buy!"

"No, I didn't. I happened to be passing, saw your sign, and thought I might as well tramp over your premises as to go down town. Good morning, sir. You'd better insure your house and set fire to it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Correction.

Mr. Cornelius DeLory, of Easton, Pa., wishes to correct the statement made by the Newark correspondent in last week's JOURNAL. He says that he will not be married to Miss Mary McEntee this month, but says that he announced the engagement to the lady and may have been misunderstood.

NEWS FROM IOWA.

Joseph Mosnat made a mysterious disappearance here, and we wondered where he was. We soon found out that he was in Belle Plaine, visiting his sister and brother.

Mr. William Dixon, of Belle Plaine, has our sincere sympathy in his affliction. His house and barn were blown down by the the hailstorm last month. William and wife were in the house that night, when the storm blew it over. They and their boy escaped from being killed. The hail stones struck the boy several times. William also lost all his crops of corn, oats and wheat, and the half of his ninety chickens. His hogs, cattle and horses are all right. The loss to him and his father is about $2,500.

Mr. Wymer, of Muscatine, was in Iowa City, just for pleasure, with his uncle and aunt.

Louis P. Herbold, when in Iowa City, called on Rev. O. Clute in company with "Marcus," and there he purchased a honey-extractor and bee-smoker. He now has over 60 beehives and is becoming a leading mute aparian in Iowa. "Marcus" got another order from him for his brother.

John C. Hummer and "Marcus" have decided not to go to the Sioux Indian Reservation in Dakota and file on claims this fall. "Marcus" wrote to the agent in regard to the opening of that Reservation. The reply came promptly. It has not yet opened to the settlers but it is believed that it will open next year. Some mutes will follow our example and go up to Dakota as soon as we hear of the opening of the Sioux Indian Reservation.

Miss O. Plum, of Prof. Gillespie's School at Omaha, Nebraska, has gone, and is now teaching in the Omaha Institute, but she will be at her post again at the School for the Deaf and Dumb next September, when that school opens.

Last Sunday's showeres laid the dust, and now everybody can get to the postoffice without his clothes resembling those of the miller.

MARCUS.

8-21-'84.

Mother's Work.

"My mother gets up, gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then, she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them off to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get $2 a week, and father gets $2 a day,"

"How much does your mother get?"

"With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother! why she don't work for anything."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us she does, but there isn't no money into it."—*Christian Instructor.*

A Good Recommendation.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir," have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all my mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, which was a queer sort of a question.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause. "I have not whispered in school for a whole year."

"That is enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood pile and bridle the tongue must be made of good stuff."

THE last census in France gives the number of insane persons as one in every 444 inhabitants; but Dr. Lunier, in a recent lecture at the Sorbonne, says the real proportion is 7 to every 300 or 350 inhabitants. Dr. Lunier remarked that in countries presenting the same degree of civilization the proportion of insane people is identical.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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WE give in this issue a full report of the New England Convention. The report is also the earliest. It is faithful in every detail. A part of the indiscriminate talk is omitted, for the reason that no reporter can take down the wild gesticulating of half a dozen deaf-mutes speaking at once. The convention was fairly successful. Ere this is paper is in the hands of our readers, we will be reporting the proceedings of the Convention in Philadelphia. We will print a full account of it in next week's paper. We known our readers will appreciate this enterprise. At any rate the JOURNAL is bound to keep up its reputation for full early and accurate reports of all great deaf-mute gatherings.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

August 25—Sandusky, Ohio.

REV MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND MANN.

August 28—Bellevue, Ohio.
" 30—Peru, Ind.
" 31—Peru, "
Sept. 1—Michigan City, Ind.
" 2—Chicago.
" 3—Joliet, Ill.
" 4—Wilmington, Ill.
" 5—Dixon, Ill.
" 6, 7, 8—Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

REV. MR. MANN.

Sept. 9—Rock Island, Ill.

The service in Chicago will be held in the Sunday School Room of St. James' Church.

Notices.

Next Sunday, August 31st, being the Twelfth Sunday after Trinty, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will preach on Church work among deaf-mutes, in St. Ann's Church, West 18th Street, near 5th Avenue.

The deaf-mutes of New Haven and vicinity are cordially invited to attend a service in signs, by Rev. A. T. Colt, to be held D. V. in St. Paul's Church, corner Chapel and Olive Streets, New Haven, Ct., on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

ITEMIZER.

Elmer Smith's add ress is Leavenworth, Kan where his friends can address him in the future.

Mr. Edson Hullett, of Pamlett, Vt., a graduate of the Hartford school, had his hands frozen las winter. He is doing well at present on his farm.

Peter Carrol, who was a pupil at the New York Institution many years ago, is running a barber shop in Brooklyn. He has been in the business over eleven years.

We saw a handsome hand-painted pocket pin cushion, the work of Mrs. Whipple Follette, in the hands of a gentleman at the Providence Convention, which spoke well for the artistic abilities of the fair artist.

On Suday morning at four o'clock, Rev. Job Turner gladly joined his son, Charles, at Elkton, Rockingham Co., Virginia, on the very fine farm of Henry A. Bear, Esq., one the oldest teachers in the Staunton, Va., Inst. He left for Staunton, last Monday to see his loving son and wife for a day or two.

Stephen Sinclair writes:—"In response to Mr. Durian's desire or rather challenge to swim me for $25 or $30 aside, I would say that if he will make the distance 10 miles, raise the stakes to $200, and include fancy diving, etc., he shall be accommodated, and on these term only. My backer is ready to put up the money on me in case of his acceptance of my challenge."

Paul S. Morley, of Sharpsville, Pa., was seen by John McGartz, of Brookfied, O., peddling Presidental picture, dry goods, etc. He also met another mute by the name of William H. Davis, who was engaged in the same business, though not so successful as Morley. Davis knocked at the doors of houses and roared so much that the people were obliged to stop up their ears with their hands in consternation.

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1884.

VICTIM NO. 33.

On the Bee Line, near Worthington, a deaf-mute man, named W. Krause, comparatively a stranger.

PROVIDENCE.

Fourteenth Convention of the N. E. G. A.

ALL OF THE OLD OFFICERS RETURNED.

Full Report of the Proceedings.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The Fourteenth Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association began its session in Providence, R. I., on Sunday, August 24th, with appropriate religious services once in the morning and twice in the afternoon, with a religious discourse by Dr. Gallaudet sandwiched between the after dinner meetings.

The morning service might more properly be called an "Experience" meeting, as, after prayer and the reading of a passage from the Bible by Rev. P. W. Packard, several of those present related their religious experiences. Mr. Alvah Orcutt, of Boston, was the first, and he was followed by Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Albert L. Carlisle, of Bangor, Me., and John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass.

A pleasing feature of the service was the rendering, in beautiful and impressive signs, the hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee!" by Mrs. Whipple Follette, of Woonsocket, R. I. The meeting was held at the Central Baptist Church, in the Sunday school room. About 80 mutes were present.

After dinner, Prof. Clark, of the Hartford Institution, held forth in the Lyceum Building, in the Room of the Providence Deaf-Mute Society Before he had finished his very excellent sermon, there were more deaf-mutes seeking admittance than the room could accommodate. The room of the Providence Society will seat comfortably about 60 persons. It is adorned with very creditably executed crayon portraits of the elder Gallaudet and of Clerc, and a small sized picture of Lewis Weld, the second Principal of the Hartford Asylum. They all are the work of Mrs. Oscar Kinsman.

When Prof. Clarke had finished, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet invited those present to All Saints Church, where he preached an admirable sermon that held the attention of all present. A good-sized collection was taken up, a part of which Dr. G. generously donated to the Association.

As we write this, a prayer meeting is being held in another part of the city. So it will be seen that the mutes will have absorbed a goodly stock of grace to help along the secular deliberations of the next two days.

Up to the present time about 100 deaf-mutes have arrived. More are expected to-morrow.

MONDAY, AUG. 25.

Between 150 and 200 deaf-mutes, each with the blue badge of the New England Gallaudet Association, assembled in Blackstone Hall at ten o'clock.

President Tillinghast occupied the chair.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

Distinguished delegates from Boston, Hartford, Fall River, Woonsocket, and Worcester, were present. Also Miss Austin, of the Providence Day School.

By order of President Tillinghast, Secretary Donnelly read a few extracts from the Constitution and By-laws about those who should be allowed the privilege of being present, debating, etc., also the time for the convention's sessions.

Mr. O. Kinsman asked those present to abstain from noisy applause and be careful of the furniture.

President Tillinghast then delivered the following address:

PRESIDENT TILLINGHAST'S ADDRESS.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I welcome you to the Fourteenth Convention of your Association, now in its 30th year of existence. Twenty years ago next month you met in this city under the following officers: Thomas Brown, President; George Wing, Vice-President; Wm. M. Chamberlain, Secretary; W. K. Chase, Treasurer; all whom, I think, are now living. Time has slightly touched your first president, who continues to take an interest in your association, but in consquence of his advanced age is unable to be with you to-day. It would seem that the gathering in Norwich, Ct., two years ago, was the turning point in your affairs, as since that time there has been much more harmony, both in regard to the business and social interests of the society. My mind is still strongly interested in the advancement and success of your association. Nine years ago next February you elected me to the position I now hold, the last two years of which have been, in many respects, more pleasant than the others, there having been much more peace and concord. The circumstances under which I attend this convention are so different from those of two years ago, that I feel I have little to say or suggest. I value your respect and confidence. Your improvement and prosperity are dear to me. If I have made mistakes—and I know I have—they were not intentional. I have done what I could, have lately been encouraged to do more, and am proud to leave your affairs in a much better condition than I found them, and for your patience with and confidence in me, I return my heartfelt thanks. I have felt that the responsibility rests on me to see that each officer did his duty, and must now show you how faithful they have been.

"Of your officers, your Vice-President, Oscar Kinsman, who has held the office since June, 1882, I have found him ever ready to assist me, promptly and willingly, a man of good judgement, and I have always taken pleasure in consulting with him. He is much interested in your welfare.

"Your Secretary, J. F. Donnelly, I find no fault with him. He, too, has been ready and cheerful in the discharge of his duties, which have been much more trying than be expected. Your Records have been kept up, all correspondence promptly attended to; and I wish to say that he understands his position. His report will, I think, speak for itself.

"The Treasurer's report is like all his others, since he has filled the office nine years ago, satisfactory to me. He has had many other duties to perform, but has cheerfully attended to your business without any complaints, thereby also showing his regard for your welfare, and has been of much help to me in looking after your interests. He is an honest man—would there were more such! Since the last gathering at Norwich, he has been for several days very near to Death's door. His work is not yet done.

"Of W. H. Weeks, Committee on Railroad Arrangements, I wish to say his services have been valuable, his past experience in that line having been of much use to him. He, too, like the others, I have found ready and willing. All have worked for the welfare and improvement of this good old association. To honor the name of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, not for their own personal ends for dollars and cents they can obtain from the treasury. They have given their time to you who elect them, for which they deserve, and I hope will receive, your thanks.

"For particular notice of those of our members who have been called from among us during the past two years, I refer you to the secretary's report.

"I think it fitting, in closing my remarks, to exhort you to continue in peace and harmony, by the exercise of forbearance and good judgement, that our association may enjoy many more years of existence, and an honor to our benefactor, whose name it bears and whose principles were always strongly in favor of unity and concord."

Prof. A. S. Clark, of Hartford, made a brief but feeling address, speaking of his affection for old time pupils of the American Asylum. He was loudly applauded. Secretary Donnelly then read the following report:

"Since the last Convention at Norwich, Conn., there has been but little correspondence. Only one board meeting has been deemed necessary, and that was to have a free and full interchange of views in regard to time and place of convention, which, to the surprise and satisfaction of your honored President, was fully attended and very harmonious. A full opportunity was offered each and every member for an expression of his views. After hearing that was said, the President made a few remarks on the subject, and the result was as you already know. In other cases he has preferred to do what could be done by correspondence, thereby saving much expense.

"In the election of Mr. Levi A. Lester to the vacancy caused by the death of Frank C. Tasker, a petition to the President was drawn up and signed by Rhode Island members, and a notice was sent to each member of the board, asking if he had any objection thereon. All were in favor of it, and he was accordingly elected. Each member spoke for himself without knowing the views of the other members, thus making it a fair and impartial election, which was confirmed at the board meeting, and has been recorded.

"There have been two deaths among your members, Salmon Crossett, of Connecticut, and Frand C. Tasker, of Providence, R. I.

"Words cannot well express the deep feeling of sorrow that prevaded the deaf-mute community on account of the death of Mr. Crossett. In his case it is no flattery whatever to say that he had a strong hold on the hearts of the mutes. This is but to express plain matter. The mutes who enjoyed his acquaintance, old and young alike, respected and loved him. His wise counsel, his cheering word and his loving smile went forth for the good of all. His death occurred on Dec. 25th, 1883, and he was aged about sixty. He was assistant steward of the Hartford Institute for many years. It may be remembered he opened the meeting in Norwich with prayer two years since. He leaves a widow.

"Frank C. Tasker had been in poor health for a few years. He attended the Norwich Convention to take a last farewell with his classmates and schoolmates, knowing he could not live longer than a year, at most. In view of this, the Rhode Island mutes appointed him as manager for their State, which position he appreciated. He was a popular gentleman and had a kind disposition. He breathed his last on the 19th of November, 1883. He was thirty-three years old and unmarried.

"It may not be out of place to report that William Benjamin Swett, though not a member of the last convention, was president of your association for several terms. He died on March 26th, 1884. He leaves a widow and children.

"At the request of Vice-President Kinsman, I sent cards to all the members of the board, asking if it would be advisable to send a delegate to represent your association at the National Convention held in New York City last summer. All but one replied in the affirmative. After a consultation with the President and Vice-President, the subject was dropped, the vote not being unanimous.

"A by-laws and constitution of the Anderson Society, Cincinnati, O., was sent to the Secretary. It now belongs to you.

"I conclude by thanking the members for the patience that they have shown me in this, the first term of my office. Despite the fact that the labor was found much more than I expected, I feel I have done my duty faithfully. Allow me to congratulate all the members on the very prosperous condition of the affairs of the association, which would undoubtedly have lost the $500 and interest, but for your President. It is now in strong hands, as the President's address and Secretary's report have shown you. Again I thank you, my friends, for your kind attention."

Just previous to the last paragraph, the minutes of the last convention were read.

Treasurer Packard reported the expenses from August 28, 1882, until the opening of the present convention as $115.80. This includes $20 for printing the Constitution and By-laws. The assets amount to $547.51, which includes the Morrison Bequest of $500. The report was adopted.

Dr. Gallaudet then donated $2, part of the sum collected at his church services yesterday, for which he received a note of thanks.

The meeting then took a recess till 2:30 P.M., to allow new members to be enrolled.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

President Tillinghast called the convention to order promptly at 3:30.

Prayer offered by M. C. Steere, of Providence.

Mr. Bailey referred to railroad arrangements, that members only could get reduced fares.

Mr. Holmes rose to a point of order.

Mr. Tillinghast (Mr. Kinsman in the chair), I think the Board of Officers have power, by the Constitution, to change the order of business to suit its convenience. I think the members should have more confidence in those who have served them so long. In answer to Mr. Bailey, I think those only are entitled to return tickets who have become members of the association.

P. W. Packard reiterated and endorsed Mr. Tillinghast.

Mr. Bailey thought it very praiseworthy to refuse reduced fares to non-members, but also thought the Board had no power without a vote of the members.

Mr. Orcutt, of Boston, said they were out of order.

The order of business called for Reports of Committees, and they could not change it without permission from the members.

Mr. Holmes followed with remarks in the same strain.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was obliged to leave, but before going he delivered a message of greeting from his brother, President E. M. Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, wishing the Association a prosperous meeting, and regretting tha the could not be present.

A motion that two committees of five each be selected to nominate two sets of offcers was passed.

The president selected: George Homer, J. E. Livingstone, V. B. Wright, E. Frisbee, W. Lynde, as one committee, and Charles Steere, Samuel Wilkinson, H. M. Fairman, Levi Lester, G. A. Holmes, as the other.

Committee No. 1, nominated Oscar Kinsman, for President; Wm. Bailey, Vice-President; Ed. Frisbee, Secretary; J. T. Tillinghast, Treasurer.

Committee No. 2, nominated Rev. Philo. W. Packard, for President; O. Kinsman, Vice-President; J. F. Donnelly, Secretary; V. B. Wright, Treasurer.

J. F. Donnelly told the members that Ranald Douglas, the deaf-mute photographer, would take a group of the convention near the City Hall.

Mr. V. B. Wright declined to run for Treasurer, so the committee selected Levi A. Lester, of Providence.

R. D. Livingstone bolted the regular ticket, and proposed Mr. J. T. Tillinghast for President.

Philo. W. Packard declined his nomination in favor of Mr. Tillinghast.

Mr. George Homer thought Mr. Tillinghast had served long and faithfully and was getting old, so should be declined from the cares of office.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone thought Mr. Tillinghast was young enough for another term.

M. Alvah Orcutt desired a change so that the younger members might learn how to perform the duties of the presiding office.

Mrs. Follette was in favor of keeping an officer who had proved so efficient.

Mr. G. A. Holmes thought Mr. Tillinghast needed a rest, and that he could, by his experience, advise the future incumbent of the chair.

Mr. William Lynde also would like a change in the administration.

Mr. Gilbert Hicks and Mr. I. N. Soper were selected as tellers. Mrs. Frank Roberts was also selected to count the votes.

For President, F. C. Davis received 1 vote, W. H. Weeks, 1; Philo. W. Packard, 5; Oscar Kinsman, 23; John T. Tillinghast, 37.

For Vice-President, F. C. Davis, 1 vote; P. W. Packard, 1; Alvah Orcutt, 1; William Bailey, 14, and Oscar Kinsman, 48.

For Secretary, R. D. Livingstone received 1 vote, E. W. Frisbee, 34, and J. F. Donnelly, 40.

For Treasurer, A. C. Carlisle received 1 vote, G. L. Miller, 1; V. B. Wright, 2; George Homer, 1; Mrs. W. M. Follette, 2; F. C. Davis, 4; Levi A. Lester, 8; P. W. Packard, 44.

According to the By-Laws, the candidate having the greatest number of votes is elected. Therefore the officers for 1884-86 are the same as for the past two years.

Mr. O. Kinsman moved a vote of thanks to the tellers, which was given with enthusiasm.

Mr. Holmes asked the President-elect if he accepted. Mr. Tillinghast accepted with appropriate remarks.

The Convention then took a recess until 7:30 P.M.

EVENING SESSION.

Prayer was offered by William Bailey, of Beverly, Mass.

The business of the evening began with the selection of State Managers. The representatives of each State selecting its manager.

The following were chosen as State Managers:

For Maine, H. P. Hunt.
" New Hampshire, J. E. Livingstone.
" Massachusetts, F. C. Davis.
" Rhode Island, Levi A. Lester.
" Connecticut, R. D. Livingstone.

J. F. Donnelly suggested that as no delegates were present from Vermont, that it be excluded from the right to participate in conventions.

Alvah Orcutt, of Boston, opposed it, as by so doing it would be necessary to change the name of the Association.

George Homer proceeded to speak, but was called to order by G. A. Holmes, as the motion had not been seconded.

The vote being taken, the question before the convention was declared in order.

Mr. Donnelly repeated his motion, and was seconded by G. A. Holmes.

Wm. Bailey argued that it was contrary to the Constitution to exclude Vermont. He said it was selfish to devrive the mutes of any State in New England from the privilege of becoming members.

Alvah Orcutt made a few remarks on the few that came from nearer States, and defended the absent Vermont mutes with so much enthusiasm as to call forth applause.

John F. Donnelly took the floor and withdrew his motion on account the Morrison Bequest that was made by a mute lady of that name in Vermont.

Alvah Orcutt moved that a committee of seven, representing the different States, be selected to draw up resolutions concerning two deceased members, Frank C. Tasker and Salmon Crossett. The President selected H. P. Hunt, of Maine; F. Parker, of New Hampshire, V. B. Wright, to represent Vermont; Alvah Orcutt, of Massachusetts; Oscar Kinsman, of Rhode Island; W. H. Weeks, of Connecticut, including President Tillinghast.

William Bailey, of Mass., suggested an amendement in the Constitution in Article VIII., Section 2, which allowed officers their expenses when doing business for the Association.

Mr. Packard read a short account of the amounts paid to different officers during past years.

Mr. Bailey suggested that State managers get back pay.

Mr. Orcutt thought the State only allowed expenses to "Board Meetings," not to Conventions.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone thought it fair to pay State Managers when called to preliminary meetings.

Mr. Kinsman said he never got a cent for services in such capacity in the past, in the future the Constitution should be followed.

President Tillinghast did not believe in money grabbing, and was opposed to paying defunct bills.

Half dozen members got to their feet.

President Tillinghast got disgusted at this point and sank wearily into a chair, while Vice-President Kinsman assumed the reins

It was hard to tell who or what was in order for quite a while after this. No one seemed to know what the question was, who put it, or if it were seconded or an orphan.

After a while W. Bailey explained that the mooted point was whether officers be paid their expenses while attending conventions.

R. D. Livingstone moved to lay it on the table.

W. A. Bond received permission by vote to speak, and explained the parlimentary laws of order, and then drove into the matter and said they were following both the constitution and precedent.

Mr. Packard moved that the four executive officers be paid expenses to conventions in future.

The motion was not considered.

The meeting then adjourned till nine o'clock on the following day.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26.

About half the members were present at 9 o'clock, when the meeting was called to order, but the rest came dropping in gradually.

Mr. W. H. Weeks made the opening prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Meacham, of Vermont were among the new arrivals.

President Tillinghast said he was too weary to preside and Vice-President Kinsman occupied the chair.

The Treasurer announced four new members, two from Vermont.

R. D. Livingstone moved that Vermont have a State Manager. Seconded by Geo. A. Holmes.

The motion was declared out of order.

Mr. Packard moved that Sec. 2, of Art. VIII, be amended so as to read, in substance, that the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, shall be paid all expenses incurred while on business. That the State Managers, and special committes shall be reimbursed when attending board meetings, or performing special duties.

Mr. Orcutt and Mr. Holmes debated the question, the latter saying that one presiding officer was enough, and that the Vice-President should not be paid when the President was present. Mr. Orcutt concurred with Mr. Holmes.

Mr. George Homer wanted to limit the number of meetings.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone thought it best to pay the Vice-President, as the President might become ill or disabled.

Mr. Orcutt moved to take a vote, seconded by G. A. Holmes.

Put and carried.

Mr. Packard moved amendments to make it imperative for committees and State Managers to meet while the Convention is in session so as to prevent unneccesary expenses.

It was decided to give the President full power in the matter.

Mr. G. A. Holmes moved an amendment to Sec. 2, Art. VI. "That the time and place for future conventions be announced at least two months in advance."

Seconded by P. W. Packard.

Carried.

Mr. Orcutt moved that a committee to prepare rules of order, to report at next convention.

W. Bailey moved that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet be made a life member.

R. D. Livingston moved that the JOURNAL and *Leader* he paid for advertising. Mr. Orcutt seconded it.

Mr. G. A. Holmes agreed that it was proper.

Put and carried unanimously.

All former presidents were voted life members.

A motion to admit as honorary members deaf-mute visitors from outside of New England, on vote of the convention, was made by Mr. V. B. Wright.

After a good deal of preliminary skirmishing was carried

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet was voted a life member.

A hitch occured as to distinguishing between honorary members of the associaion and honorary members of the convention.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson was given the floor and explained the custom with other societies in the matter.

Mr. I. N. Soper was made an honorary member of the association. Also W. L. Waters, and Mrs. Frank Roberts.

The question concerning further admission as honorary members was tabled.

A recess was then taken until 2:30 P.M.

CLOSING SESSION.

Mr. Kinsman presided, President Tillinghast having gone home.

Mr. Hargrave, of Boston, offered prayer.

Mr. J. B. Meachan was chosen State Manager for Vermont.

Mr. Alvah Orcutt, of Boston, then read two sets of resolutions, one the loss by death of Frank C. Tasker, and the other on Salmon Crossett. Both were adopted and ordered to be published in the JOURNAL and *Leader*.

They will appear in next week's paper.

Prof. Weeks then indulged in a little railroad talk.

Votes of thanks were then offered to the different churches for the use of rooms, and also to Mr. W. A. Bond and E. A. Hodgson for advice on parlimentary rules.

G. A. Holmes moved that the next convention be held in Portland, Me. Seconded by F. C. Davis, of Boston.

Mr. Orcutt said the constitution gave the power of selection to the Board of Direction.

Mr. Holmes objected to beginning the conventions on Sunday. Seconded by R. D. Livingstone.

Out of order.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone moved a vote of thanks to the President. Carried.

The good wishes and greeting of the convention was voted to Harry White, who recently went to Utah.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone moved that a committee of five be appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws. Seconded by F. C. Davis. Put to vote and carried.

The Convention then adjourned *sine die*

CONVENTION NOTES.

Frank C. Davis, and his wife, of Boston, were present, looking as young and happy as when the matrimonial yoke was tied a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. George Homer were warmly received by their many old friends.

Parson Steers was helpful and affable to all who sought his aid.

Miss Dora Vosseller, of Northbranch, N. J., came up from Newport to take in the convention.

Gilbert Hicks, of Old Westbury, L. I., was there.

Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, Me., discussed the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

FANWOOD

The printers all turned out to attend the excursion of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union last Thursday. Though we had a good time, and found the grove well adapted for all kinds of sport, we regret that the time there was so limited. We missed a great many familar faces that were present at the preceding excursions, and we regret that, too.

Among the Fanwoodites at the excursion we noticed that—

W. H. Rose was there, ready to tell about his travelling in the country.

John Torsney brought base ball bats from the Institution.

W. Hackett declared the New Yorkers would have won the game of base ball if they had had time enough to continue in the game.

Supervisor Stowell said he had more fun with the Fanwood girls than with any others.

Max. Kohler was the only Quaker present.

Young Bettels was happy to be the one living nearest to any of the landings, his home being on 109th St.

Daniel Brown was the only printers' "devil" from home.

Fred Baars seemed too happy, and afterwards too sleepy to work the next day.

Frank Jourdan was out of his first package of cigarettes in the afternoon.

George W. Odell went there by rail from Port Chester.

Henry Buerman, with a broad grin and stamping his foot on the foot of one of the bystanders, which he mistook for the floor, and striking the air began, "how funny." But before he could go on with his story he was left alone—all having gone to see the effect on the bystander's foot.

Pat. J. Gately and his mother came with a bottle of mineral water, not knowing water could be found on the steamer.

The four Hanneman brothers were on every part of the deck.

The two Reiningers were too, and even the Bredes.

Jas. Williams was seen with a young lady for the first time.

D. Sullivan, as usual, had changed his mind and did not come.

Julia Hamilton prefered to be a looker-on at the dancing than to dance throughout the programme.

Edith Averell was the admiration of a young gentleman with a little moustache.

Lina Lungwitz discussed facts and events with her old schoolmates.

Bertha Lamm was a listener to facts and events.

Eugenia Rogers was not too bashful to dance.

A number of the female servants were there also.

Our memory was in poor condition.

We were likely to be excused.

BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

One day last week, a bundle of copies of the *Lutheran*, neatly tied up by a red satin ribbon, was found on one of the benches on the lawn of the Institution, by Miss Jennie Williams. On one of them was written, "For the Deaf and Dumb Asylum," and the address of Miss Gravenhurst, 41 West 21st St., was found on each. It is evident that the lady donated the bundle of reading matter to the Institution.

Among the first arrivals of the corps of teachers, we noticed Prof. E. H. Currier and Miss Jane T. Meigs. Both are looking hale and hearty.

Miss Smith has been supervising house cleaning for the past month.

The sister of Miss Hattie Trout stopped at the Institution on a visit over night, on the 22d. She started for her home in Virginia the following day, having informed us that Hattie would be back soon.

Miss Prudence Lewis will be back from her vacation of over a month by next Sunday.

On Sunday afternoon our attention, was turned toward an elegant carriage approaching at a rapid speed and drawn by a handsome pair of horses, which, upon passing, proved to contain pretty Grace Crolius and two other young ladies.

In the *Daily News*, under the heading of "The Sporting World," there appeared an article that a swimmer of note would give an exhibition at Fort Lee on Sunday. This was Stephen Sinclair, but owing to the small crowd, and no prospects of making money, he gave it up.

Henry Stengele and his intended bride enjoyed a visit at the Institution Sunday.

The contest for the championship of croquet was finished Tuesday evening. The contest lasted about two weeks, it being played evenings. The players took turns in leading the game at the beginning, but soon waxed hot. Excitement was intense. Nevertheless, the game was fairly played and the winner, trembling as he took his final aim, hit the stake and then dancing and shaking of hands followed, but no "ifs" or "buts" were used. The score was: G. S. Porter, 20; A. Capelli, 19; T. I. Lounsbury, 11, the players having before made arrangements that the contest should reach 20, when the winner would be declared.

Miss Martha Hasty was in Massachusetts for nearly two weeks, a short time ago.

Miss Ella Taylor, who has been in Woodmount, Conn., for most of the vacation, returns to her home in this city this week.

Seymour A. Berray, who is spending his vacation in Walton, Del. Co., N. Y., was sick for a day last week, but is well now. We expect him as the first arrival among the High Class students.

Misses Pettingrew and Katie Shieck were at High Bridge last Sunday.

EN QUAD.

COLUMBUS.

Various Improvements at the Institution.

DUNDON REMONSTRATES AND IS FINED.

(*From our Columbus Correspondent.*)

The Ohio *State Journal*, in its issue of Wednesday, Aug. 20th, contained the following interesting article:

"The trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum were in session until 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, settling up the business of the Institution for the past month and arranging further for the extensive improvements being or about to be made. Miss Eva Smith, who has filled the position of visitors' attendant for about a year, was elected a teacher to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Raffington, who has removed to his farm in Jamaica, West Indies. Miss Alice Agerter, of Upper Sandusky, was elected to the position of visitors' attendant. The final estimate for the new laundry built by E. W. Blair, of this city, was presented. The building was accepted by the Board and the estimate found correct and ordered paid. The laundry is a plain two story brick building, situated just east of the south-east entrance to the grounds from Oak Street and Ninth. It is well lighted, each story having a window at very short intervals of space. The lower story will be used for washing, and the upper for ironing. The heating apparatus will be of the most improved kind. The building is now nearly complete and, it is expected, will be in readiness for use by September 10th, the time for opening the school. The entire cost was $2,849.37.

"In addition to this much needed addition to the convenience of the Institution, many other improvements will be made. The entire front hall will be carpeted and a number of the teachers' rooms papered and painted. The reception room has received the same treatment. The superintendent's and steward's offices have been newly carpeted and present a very nice appearance. The reception room especially is handsome since its renovation, the wall and ceiling paper being all that could be desired. Another important improvement that was provided for will be the building of verandas at the front of the east and west wings. Each veranda will extend seventy feet along the entire south front of the wing, beginning at floor B, the one above the basement, and extending up to the next story. Two doors will be cut into each of the study halls, and one door into the study room, adding three entrances to each side. The verandas will be approached by stone steps leading from the lawn. A fire escape will run from each veranda to the stories above. Already there is an escape leading to each dormitory, and the new ones will double this number. Had a fire occurred in the Institution hitherto, the facilities for getting out of the building as far as the outside escapes would have been inadequate, and part of the inmates would probably have been compelled to go down the stairways. They might have been shut off in one of the lower halls by the fire and a terrible catastrophe would have been the result. The building of the new fire escapes gives plenty of facilities for escaping from the building, it matters not what story the pupils may be in, and, with due care, makes any great catastrophe from a conflagration impossible. The verandas and escapes will cost $2,150, and will be complete by September 1st, before the pupils have returned from their homes. Besides these improvements, new flooring is being put down in the studies on the third and fourth stories of the girls' side, and extensive improvements are being made in the boys' play-rooms.

"The Board, after looking at the improvements now being made and providing for and others mentioned, adjourned until next month."

The mighty Dundon led the forlorn hope of Columbus in the day of her reverses and misfortune and brought her out of the chaos of defeat, at Indianapolis. Demolished here by St. Louis and beaten and tied at Toledo, Columbus went to meet another engagement at Indianapolis who presented her greatest pitcher, McKeon, and the result of the battle was wired home as follows:

"INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 19.—Morris weakened at the last moment to-day, claiming that his arm was sore just before the game commenced. Dundon was substituted and pitched a good game, the boys fielding sharply behind him. McKeon was hit hard, Carroll lifting the ball over the left field fence, Smith getting a three-bagger, and Dundon, Richmond and Cahill two-baggers. The umpiring of Quinn was so bad that even Dundon had to remonstrate, and he and Smith were each fined $10 for kicking. At the end of the eighth inning it had grown too dark to play, and the game ended in the favor of Columbus. The score follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Indianapolis	0	0	1	2	2	0	0	0—5
Columbus	2	1	0	0	1	1	2	0—7

"Dundon was fined yesterday for talking back at the umpire, or at least that is the reason given by one Quinn for assessing the fine. It looks a great deal as if this man had been hired to down Columbus, and is doing all in his power to carry out the contract. He is also credited with calling around at newspaper offices where the question of finance has been used in connection with his decisions. This paper would be pleased to receive a call of that kind when Mr. Quinn visits Columbus."

The Columbus *Times* cannoned the news in this way:

MANGLED BY A MUTE.

Dundon was hit very freely in three innings, but held the Hoosiers down well during the rest of the game. He deserves great credit for his fine pitching, and it will be noticed that he pasted the leather for a double bagger.

Peltz, of the Indianapolis, hit both Morris and Mountain for a single and three-bagger in a single game, but failed to find the ball at all during Dundon's work in the box.

The *Dispatch* asks:

"What did Dundon say to Quinn? It is the first time that Edward was ever guilty of talking back to the umpire.

"Dundon is tied with Kennedy, of the Mets, for the fourth place among left fieldiers."

Prof. A. B. Greener is prouder than ever. Cause—the arrival of a fine nine-pound son, an Monday August 18th.

The carpenters have been busy in the boys' basement, putting in a new beam, made of six planks in the middle ceiling, the entire length, in the place of the one much decayed.

Mr. Patterson was showing through the Institution, Mr. Hubbell and his mother, last week. Mr. H. once taught school here.

The floor in B. main hall has been in the charge of a carpenter for repairs during the week, preparatory to the receiving of a new carpet, which will be put down after the State Fair is over.

The book-bindery has started up again, and now looks quite like a beehive.

Mr. Eberl is the name of the new attendant here, in the place of Mr. Butler, discharged some time ago,

The benches, which rounded the south-east and south-west corners of the Institution front, have been taken up, and it is said new iron railings will be substituted.

The residence of Mrs. Hubbell, the widow of Ohio's first superintendent, No. 279 East Town Street, was entered by burglars, last week Tuesday night, and $25 and a pair of gold spectacles stolen.

P. P. Pratt and his son are camping out at Millersport, Lakeside.

Business is very dull in the city. Henry Bore has gone home to Hamilton. Willie T. Rose had a "lay off" of several days and took in the camp at Lancaster. Frank Minego is on the edge of anxiety, lest his shop shuts down for two months.

Miss Mollie Marks has been back in the family of Prof. Patterson, since a week or two.

Hurley, colored, hoved in sight at the Institution, last week. He had been employed as cook at the Fair grounds encampment. He was claiming the title of "Colonel," and we allowed it—of the Camp Kettles.

W. H. Gibson has rejoind his family at Cooville, O., and will make gunning his pastime there.

George D. Black turned up here last week from Harveysburg, on his way to Beverly, O., where he expects to get a good job.

Miss Lizzie Atchison is coming to Columbus next September, having secured a position in an Oak street family, it is said.

Mr. Swords missed the train at Hoadly Junction, and came on a freight traig, which landed him here in the small hours of the night. A Millersport beauty was the innocent cause.

Recently, Mr. Samuel Corbett, of the bookbindery, was thrown from his dray between the ice-house and the wagon-shed, and had his mouth badly hurt.

Mrs. Milton Brothers, after being the guests of the Lynn's one day, retook the train homeward bound.

The father of Ed. T. King, of the bookbindery, was in Columbus during the encampment of the Second Ohio Brigade at the Fair Grounds. He is a prominent lawyer of Eaton, O.

The second game at Indianapolis on Thursday afternoon was an easy one for Columbus, the score being 9 to 1.

Mrs. R. H. Atwood and daughter have got back home from Clifton, O., where she had a very pleasant time with Miss Bogle, being rejoined there by Mrs. Ruth E. Eldridge, from Springfield, O., in the last two days of the visit.

The city public schools which were to open in the first Monday of September, will not begin until the second Monday on account of the State Fair.

The sister of Mr. J. C. Lynn has gone to Claysville, 95 miles from here, on a surprise visit to her mother.

By the Portsmouth papers we see Ryn has been playing great ball of late.

It is with great surprise and regret that we learn of the resignation of Miss Louisa K. Thompson, the head teacher of articulation of this Institution. She has accepted a similar position with a higher salary in the Illinois State School for the Deaf and Dumb. Long association has endeared her to many friends here, who, while wishing her increasing usefulness in the work she has spent nearly a lifetime, will greatly miss her from the teachers home and social circles.

Charles O. Geer called on friends here last week.

Ed. I. Holycross has come back home from Hillsboro, and is at his old case in a book establishment of this city.

L. D. Waite, Esq., of this city, gets a good share of the world's blessings and responsibilities, the latest addition being a second son.

Henry J. Swords was in Ashville, seventy-nine miles from here on a visit over last Sunday.

Another exhibition of base ball in Dayton, O., by Columbus, last Friday, resulted in favor of the latter, 6 to 2, Dundon pitching.

Prof. G. W. Halse arrived at this Institution on last Saturday evening, and stopped over Sunday. He resumed his journey on Monday, homeward bound near Cincinnati.

Ella Antchella has been company at the Piers, her cousins, a while.

Miss Ryn is in her place again at the bindery.

We meet Mr. Odebrecht, teacher, at the city reading room quite often.

Several mutes of the city availed themselves of a very cheap excursion to Cincinnati, early Sunday morning.

LaFayette Miller, a June graduate, came up from Springfield a week ago, Saturday, and is yet staying around more the object of charity. He averred that he could find nothing to do at home—a sad case of wasted opportunities during his ten years at school.

Columbus beat Cincinnati 4 to 3, in the face of misfortune, in the latter city last Saturday afternoon. Morris sprained his arm in the third inning, and the Columbus manager asked the Cincinnati manager to let Dundon come on the field and take Morris' place, but the courtesy was denied. Then Brown, right fielder, had to volunteer to go into the box, and although laying no claim to being pitcher, twirled the sphere with "wonderful effect." The Columbus boys, by sharp fielding and terrific batting, won the score. How very cheap Cincinnati must have felt!

Government Inspector Brown has accepted the "Hoffman property" as the place of our city post office for the next four years. It is located on Third Street, just opposite the State House. It will be ready for occupancy about the middle of October.

The new visitor's attendant has arrived, and judging from her agreeable appearance, Miss Alice Agerter, will fill her new position with interest.

In the Sunday (24th) game with Cincinnati, our home team, with Dundon as pitcher, was slaughtered to the tune of 11 to 2. We are without the particulars.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR.

DETROIT, MICH.

James Sullivan has a position as a sub. compositor on the Detroit *Daily Post* with Mr. George E. Morton, who has a regular case. Jimmie, now wear cuffs and standing collar.

Edward L. Van Every, who has been employed in the French Bros.' engraving house in Toledo, O., during the winter, could not help keeping away from his dear mother, and returned to Detroit last April. He lost sixty-five dollars one day, two weeks ago.

Thomas Leach, formerly of Detroit, but lately of St. Clair, Mich., has gone to Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Mrs. George D. Hunter, of Detroit, spent five weeks with her mother, Mrs. M. H. Kerr, of Jackson. She returned on the 1st of August.

Ed. L. VanDamme works in the car shops with Mr. W. A. Ranspach, and supports himself quite comfortably. He boards with Mrs. Grimm as usual.

Nicholas A. Detsch is slinging type for the *Plaindealer* (a paper published for the colored people).

Messrs. Clyde Barnett, Preston Perry and Randolph Stark works for the Potter Printing Company.

Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, of Jackson, was called here on the 30th of May, to paint nine large portraits in water colors for Mr. Millard, the well known photographer of Detroit, and spent the glorous Fourth with us and the boys. He went home on the 5th of July.

Mr. Willie A. Thayer, who has left Detroit for Jackson last fall, has again moved to Ann Arbor, Mich., tailoring for Mr. Joseph Kolhoff. Somebody will visit him very soon.

The Flint *Democrat* said that Mr. E. L. Bangs, the former principal of the Michigan Institution, but now a lawyer of Flint, and his wife departed on the 5th instant, for an extensive visit among relatives at Clinton, New York.

The Republican County (Genesee) Convention has placed Dr. Willison, the Treasurer of the Deaf-Mute Institution, in the field for Congress.

W. G. Bryant, editor of the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, and other members of the Flint Band, left for East Saginaw to join its band, from whence they proceeded to the State encampment at Island Lake last week.

M. T. Gass, Superintendent of the Michigan Institution, was one of the State Republican delagates at the Convention last week.

Prof. Newcomb, of the Flint School, thought that marriage was the bloom of all men's happiness, and was married to Miss Eastman, also a teacher, last month.

Miss Hattie Innes, a speaking daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Innes, of Jackson, whose admiration the boys here have won, is learning retouching. Mr. M. H. Kerr is her instructor.

X. X.

August 22, 1884.

Cured by Thunder.

A few weeks ago lightning struck the dwelling of George Davidson, a carpenter, at Broadalbin, N. Y. His wife was rendered unconscious for a while by the stroke, and when she rallied it was found that she was deaf and could not use her limbs. One day last week another thunder storm raged in that section, and lightning struck a tree about four rods from Davidson's house, where Mrs. Davidson was sitting near an open window. Her hearing was instantly restored to her great joy and that of her family.—*N. Y. World, Aug.* 26.

CRAW THUMPERS IN DRUID HILL.

DEAR EDITOR:—Thursday morning, the 14th, your correspondent having donned her best lawn dress and a big broad-brimmed straw hat, and having moreover added the assurance of her escort, Mr. Veditz, to that of her mirror that she was passing fair and *mignonne*, boarded a Linden Avenue car with her chaperon, and proceeded forthwith to Druid Hill Park, the scene, you must know, of our re-union picnic.

We went out with the intention of making a day of it, and we are sure that those who saw us will give us full credit that we did. But we observed also that everybody else seemed to have taken a like determination, and as there was in consequence so much fun and merry making, we bethought us that we might try to describe the affair in a letter to the JOURNAL. And, dear Editor, since it is one of the privilegs of our sex to be as loquacious as we please, we want you to be a dear good thing and not pass your editoral stylograph through our effusion, save to correct an occasional slip of the pen. For though this is our maiden letter, we know it is going to please a lot of people, for we are going to give a lot of names, and somebody who is a student of human nature and who, therefore, ought to know, tells us that people like to see their names in print, and morever we are going to make only good natured remarks, as you will see.

We arrived at Grove No. 8, which had been engaged by the committee and made the general headquarters for the picnic at about ten o'clock, but were far from being the first to arrive, for we found a goodly crowd of old and young already assembled, and their merry greetings gave us a foretaste of the pleasure of the day. And what a day it was! Even now, when it has become the heritage of *auld lang syne*, our pulses fairly throb whenever we think of it. The committee must have been hand in glove with the weather clerk, for there was never more delightful picnic weather. There was not a cloud to obscure the blue azure throughout the live long day, and so the sun shone down and picnicked with us, and the *paraplines* which our experience at former picnics had induced us to bring along, turned out a needless precaution. The heat, too, was tempered by the cool breezes that swept through the grove and nobody complained on this score. Indeed, we observed that not a single complaint was made for any cause whatever, so complete was the good feeling that reigned over all and so well had the committee made its arrangements.

And the scene of the picnic, the Park! Your Gothamite may tell us about Central Park, and the Quaker City deaf-mute may enlarge on the beauties of his Fairmount, but we Baltimoreans are convinced that we have all we want in Druid Hill with its seven hundred acres of lawn and greenwood. Its rich scenery and romantic solitudes are such as can make the imagination fairly run riot. It is just such a spot where the soul can mount above the smoke and stir of our dim every day world, and—

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The day and the place being such, nobody could do otherwise than enjoy himself, and that everybody did right royally. As our previous picnics have gained quite a reputation among our deaf-mutes, the latter seem on this occasion to have made it a point to be on hand early. They came in by twos and threes, or in whole groups in the park phætons, and by noon at least one hundred and fifty of them had gathered at the rendezvous, and as their sisters and their cousins and their aunts had turned out *en masse*, about five hundred people took dinner, in picnic style, under the trees of the grove, their number being swelled in the afternoon by the arrival of two or three hundred more.

Among the morning arrivals was that of a party from Frederick, consisting of Mr. Ely, the genial principal of our school, his two daughters and his son, Charley, and our old friend and preceptor, Mr. Chas. M. Grow, whose dignified and stately presence lent dignity to our gathering. There were also others whose coming was wholly unexpected, and therefore a most pleasant surprise. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hays, of Romney, W. Va., and Mrs. Benedict, of Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Hays are well-known to many of your readers, personally and from hearsay, and we know, therefore, that our words will receive credit when we say that their presence meant increased gaiety for our company all around. Other guests from without the state were Miss Smith, of New Britain, Conn.; Miss McDonald and Mr. Tilley, of Washington; Mr. and Miss Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Irwim, of Macon, Ga., and others. Among the Marylanders from a distance, we observed Edmund Gibbs, of Easton; George T. Hays, of Aberdeen; George Gallion, of Michælsville; Theodore Houston, of Salem; John Ayres, of Blackhorse; Thomas Lamb, of Lankford, and many more "too numerous to mention."

The forenoon was appropriately taken up in the exchange of greetings and the lively good natured chit chat natural to such an occasion. There was not the least dearth in topics of conversation, the past with its school day associations being revived side by side with speculations as to the future. Among the gentlemen, the chances of the presidential candidates were discussed with animation, but this topic did not at all preclude such themes as base ball and other matters dear to the masculine heart. The beauties of the grove also came in for a fair share of praise, and no one seemed to think it strange that out of the twenty and more picnic grounds of the park, it had been selected five times in succession for our re-unions.

By one o'clock, the various groups scattered and addressed themselves to the important business of making a closer acquaintance with the contents the weightly hampers and lunch baskets, without which no regular picnic can be thought of. Our party, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Barry, who acted as host and hostess, the Misses Barry and Smith, Mr. Ely and his son Charley, and the Misses Grace and Mabel Ely, Mr. Grow, Miss Bokee, Mr. and Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Benedict, Mrs. Frost, Miss Crumbacker, Miss Ijams, Mr. Veditz and your correspondent took dinner in a most enchanting spot. The waving branches of the giant elm, under which our cloth was spread, the luxuriant grass, the patches of blue sky visible through the foliage canopy over head, the silver glitter of the lake, as now and then we caught a glimpse of its waters through the tress, the soft breezes and the happy *dolce far niente* feeling which under such circumstances could not but steal upon us, almost made us believe that we had stumbled upon a second Arden, and we were ready to declaim:

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And watch with merry sight
The sweet birds in their flight,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

And the dinner! "Ah, yum! the dinner!" to borrow the expression of one of the gentlemen, when the repast was over. The time-honored Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, so celebrated in song and story must yield place with all their grand formality to the less pretentious, but more merry dinner of a picnic party, and you must yield us our belief that there was never a crowd more blithe or a dinner more jolly than that which we attended under the old elm in the park.

The cloth was loaded with a tempting array of the dainties and viands that delight the picnicker's heart, and there was also every other adjunct to the old style picnic dinner, including the impudent grasshopper, who persisted in jumping on our plate, and the sage ant, who top heavy with his wisdom, seemed in doubt whether his home was under the elm roots or up Mr. Hays' trousers leg, and who finally settled the difficulty by exploring the latter. And the innocent of fun and jest that gave the dinner season! Messrs. Hays and Veditz, in their wit combats, kept the throng continually smiling, and Mr. Barry, who is well-known as a lover of mirth, did his share toward making the older members of the party forget the responsibilities of age and position, and laugh and joke like boys and girls again. Toasts to the memory of former and the success of future picnics were drunk, as a matter of course, Mountain Pass Spring furnishing a beverage after Governor St. John's own heart, and when the repast was over and the party dispersed, all felt that the whole affair, from the grace signed by Mr. Ely to the *benedicite* Mr. Barry, was one long to be remembered.

After dinner, the fun was resumed or rather begun, and soon grew fast and furious. We Crawthumpers know how to amuse ourselves, and moreover the clannishness, which deaf-mutes ordinarily entertain in regard to hearing people, was hardly noticeable, buxom hearing lads and lassies being drawn into our games and joining us with the whim of a heart overflowing with generous and happy feeling. The number and variety of amusements provided by the committee was greater than ever before. Chief among them, for the gentlemen, was a wonderful foot ball, which caused no end of fun both to the players and the lookers-on, for the former were mostly novices at the sport, and as they tried to catch it in the same way as a base ball, with hands close together, the erratic sphere baffled their efforts in a way that was exceedinly funny to see.

For the ladies there were several sets of grace hoops and croquet, and these were so well patronized that they were not left idle for a moment, save during lunch time. In the afternoon, the gentlemen, with Messrs. Veditz and Tilley as referees, arranged a tug-of-war between the two teams from the city and the country, the former being composed of Messrs. McElroy, Ramsay, Kampe, Butterbaugh and Knoechel, and the latter of Messrs. Gallion, Lamb, Stine, Fantom and Buxton. After an exhortation from their respective captains to give "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull alltogether," the two teams, at the word of the referees, settled down to work, and after a splendid tug, the city dudes, much to the surprise of their opponents, pulled the country ploughshovers all out of shape.

Baseball also came in for a fair share of patronage, and if it were not for the heat and the fact that the diamond in Grove No. 9 was occupied by the two hearing clubs, a match game would have been played between a nine from the counties. As it was, however, the leather hunting was confined to running after balls thrown or batted at random.

"Fox and goose," "dumb band," "Copenhagen," and other games were also played, and amid such amusements and sight seeing in the park, the day wore rapidly away, and the shades of nights stealing upon us gave warning that "home, sweet home," was elsewhere than in the park. Final adieux were therefore in order, and wending our way to the park gates, the various street-car lines soon scattered the happy throng that had passed the day, so pleasantly together. And it was a passing pleasant affair this picnic, and we are sure that whenever the sentiment of the old song,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?"

comes across our mind, among the bright pictures which memory will bring up before us, will be that picnic party and its adventures. That future picnics will have our memories as rich, is all we can ask for coming years.

PICNIC MISCELLANY.

Everybody, save one or two antiquated country cousins, agreed with us in voting the picnic a grand success. It was more of a re-union than any of our five previous gatherings, and the committee, Messrs. Veditz, Wells, Knoechel, Sprague, and Ramsay, and Miss Barry, deserve every praise for their successful management.

Messrs. McElroy, Gill and Knoechel were arrayed in gray bicycle shirts and belts and presented a trim appearance. Mr. Veditz turned out in his college gymnasium uniform, and was thus quite conspicuous.

We have a suspicion that many of the handsome dresses of the ladies were donned in view of its being leap-year. Former re-unions were the means of bringing at least three of our young married couples together, and we should not be surprised if an engagement or two should be announced in the near future, as an outcome of this year's picnic.

Mr. Wells was one of the gayest of the gay, and was active as one of the the prime movers of the fete. His aged mother and his sister, who are visiting him from New York, were also present.

Katie Bruck was croquet-struck during the forenoon, as she played and won four straight games in succession.

Louis Kampe was the dude *par* excellence of the picnic, and the pitying glances cast upon him by the fair sex were numerous in consequence.

Grandma "Gourley" and "Grandpa" Linton held a levee in the afternoon, and enjoyed it too. The "Grandpa" has not quite got over the propensities of his boyish days, for we saw the venerable sly-boots surreptitiously extract a pie from the Grandma's lunch basket. But then *she* is a good cook. Later in the afternoon, the Grandpa, who had brought his photographic apparatus along with him, photographed all his "grand-children," about two hundred or more in number, in a group.

Miss Barry, who had returned the day before the picnic from visit at Miss Julla Smith's in New Britian, graced the gathering with her presence, and right glad we were to have her with us. Miss Smith, who is Miss Barry's guest, was also voted an acquisition, and won a host of friends.

Michael Cunninghame was the only New Yorker present. He informed us, with a complacent smile, that he was the only deaf-mute brakeman in the country.

Mrs. Lucy Peregoy and Bonita had several set-tos at the grace hoops, and both played like graces, we were told. Grandma Gourley and Etta Wicks also was gave proof that they knew how to toss the hoops.

Harry Gill was conspicuous among those who amused themselves with the foot ball. On one occasion he managed to grab the ball as it rolled near our seat, and tripping us a "see my modus operandi" wink, asked us to watch him send the sphere over the hills and far away. But the plans of mice and mutes gang aft aglee, as the poet says, and the tremendous kick the gay Lothario fetched at the ball only knocked a hole in the air and laid him flat on his back. He got up with a rather sheepish blink, but we assumed the "ministering angel" role, and assured him with a smile that it was a belated wave of the recent earthquake which had disconcreted his aim, and indeed we did feel a small earthquake the moment after he "sat" down.

Principal Ely had a pleasant greeting and a kind word for everybody, and all of us were glad to see his genial face again.

Edmund Gibbs was there, having come all the way from Easton with a goody stock of anecdotes in his carpet bag.

Pretty Miss Bokee was present and assured herself that her pupils, big and small, had not forgotten how to dot their *i*s and cross their *t*s in pronunciation.

Sadie Arnold and James Moylan were among those whose gaiety was contagious. If there is any song which may be appropriately sung of Sadie, it is the one with the refrain:

"And everywhere that Sadie went,
Her James was sure to go."

The "club" was present in corpore and attributed their share toward the pleasure of the day. In the afternoon, the club, together with the four honorary members, who were present, Messrs. Barry, Ely, Grow and Veditz, were photographed in a group by Mr. Linton.

John Neibergall was perhaps the oldest personage present. He is a handsome old man whose snow-white hair and beard attest the weight of the more than three score years and ten that rest upon his venerable shoulders. Mr. Niebergall and his wife are passing their days in tranquill enjoyment at the "Greiseaheim," or home for aged German people, Mr. N. being a german, born and bred.

President Mooney was there, and with becoming dignity, confined himself to an occasional smile, and stroking his "sideboards."

Everybody was glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hays. They left late in the afternoon for Washington, with the promise that they would attend next year's picnic.

Willie McElroy was in the very heart of fun, and, as usual, played the part of cicisbeo with consummate success.

Mr. Stevenson and his sister and mother were the only Philadelphians present. We had a hope that the Quaker City delegation, whose company we enjoyed so much last year, would come this time, too, and we also had a secret expectation that if they came they would bring our sweet cousins, "Violet" and "Bella L." along with them; therefore fathom our disappointment if you can.

But, Dear Editor, we see that we have already transgressed enough upon your patience and that of your readers, and so we will add but one more item, and that is—*au revoir*.

BONITA.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 18, '84.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

PRINCESS VICTORIA, wife of Prince William of Prussia, is alarmingly ill with sarclet fever.

Four hundred tents were pitched at the Chicago Driving Park for the veteran soldiers and sailors of the North-west, whose reunion began on the 26th.

ST. LOUIS is discussing the question of holding a World's Fair in that city in 1892, to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

SECRETARY CHANDLER'S flagship, the Tallapoosa, on her way from Boston to Newport, R. I., was wrecked in Vineyard Sound on the night of the 21st inst. Only one officer, two men and a colored saloon boy are missing.

SOUTH GEORGIA, on the evening of the 24th inst., was the scene of intense excitement, owing to a reported negro uprising. Troops have been asked to be dispatched there in order to quell the serious rioting which is imminent.

THE annual meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held at Creedmore September 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. In a addition to the numerous and valuable prizes received from the State and others, it offers itself 1.800 in money. The whole prize list will, exceed $7.000 in value.

IT is understood at the Treasury Department that the proposed call for $10,000,000 three per cent. bonds will be issued the early part of this week, probably on Monday. The total reserve in the Trearury on the 22d inst., was about $146,500,000. The gold reserve which has been steadily increasing during the past week is now about $120,000,000.

ONE of the Newfoundland dogs brought here from the North by the crew of the Bear of the Greely relief party on Wednesday of last week, jumped from the boat and was drowned. The animal made no efforts to swim, but allowed itself to sink beneath the waves. The general belief is that the dog committed suicide. The oppressive heat was too much for him.

TWO freight trains collided at Lancaster, Pa., August 22d, in the west yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Columbia, Pa. The caboose and gondola car of the front train and the engine and four cars of the rear train, the latter filled with sheep and hogs, were smashed. The wreck then caught fire and was totally consumed. Upward of eight hundred animals were killed, only fifty escaped unhurt.

MR. BONNER, who paid $40,000 for Maud S, expresses himself as greatly pleased with his purchase, and even more so since he had driven Maud. He has not definitely settled about the trial against time, but will probably arrange soon for a test that will develope the real speed of the mare and break all previous records. In the future she may be driven in company with Rarus.

J. H. STEWART, General Superintendent of the Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore Railroad Company, has gathered information concerning the condition of the crops along the line of his road, which reaches across the southern part of Ohio. The reports agree that the corn crop will not exceed ten bushels to the acre. The yield of potatoes in many places is reported as insufficient for home consumption.

AT Pintsdebon, France, in the department of Yonne, an average of two persons daily die of cholera. The panic there is intense. The laborers have abandoned their work in the harvest fields and fled. The villagers have shut themselves up in their cottages and refused to open the doors to anyone. The parish priest at Noyers has gone to the relief of the almost deserted inhabitants. The nurses are sick and unable to attend to the wants of the cholera patients. The priest is compelled to dig the graves and bury the dead almost alone.

NUMEROUS cases of prostration and death from heat occured in New York City last week, and nowhere in all the great city was the close, stifling heat felt as it was in the densely populated tenement district of the east side. In the narrow, dirty streets surrounding the Five Points; in James, Roosevelt, Water, Baxter and Park Streets the morning light saw strong men grasping for breath, weak and faint. A hasty meal and they were off again to another day of toil. Wan-faced mothers, with sickly babes, tired and fretful older childred, and exhausted shop girls listlessly moved about, carting into the dingy, stuffy rooms of the tenements, the beds upon which they had tried to find a night's rest, and on the sidewalk, too, at that.

WAR is declared between France and China. Admiral Courbet was instructed to bombard the arsenal at Foo Choo on the morning of August 22d, and to land a detachment of troops and destroy the war material and stores accumulated there which are of immense value. This action is intended as a reprisal for the action of the Chinese at Langson. At the same time the French off Keelung have been ordered to occupy the port and the coal mines as security for the indemnity demanded by France. The press generally discuss the probable effect that a Franco-Chinese war would have upon English trade with China. The gravity of the question is apparent from the fact that this trade amounts to $100,000,000 annually. England would therefore be affected nearly or quite as much as France during the pendency of such a war.

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A Day on the Sound.

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JOTTINGS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At an early hour last Thursday morning, August 21st, the rumbling of heavily loaded wagons and the rattling patter of the stream of dudish looking young men forming the 23d Street committee of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union Excursion, caused the residents of that Street to arise in alarm from their beds and enquire if there was another earthquake.

As daylight advanced and Old Sol refused to appear, a shade of gloom overspread the eloquent face of the ticket seller at the landing. The morning looked rather foreboding, but as the last keg and last ice-cream freezer was put on board and the trucks drove off, the committee, who had been leaning discouragingly against the awning posts chewing the buts of their cigars and rattling the few quarters in their pockets, started upright as one man and a vision in white appeared at the end of the pier. There was a rush to make things right as a couple more of the self-same sort loomed up on the horizon, and soon a steady stream of handsome and airy-fairy young ladies, babies, children, old men, young men and dudes formed a procession to the boat.

While the procession was the thickest, everyone was startled by a shrill whistling which came from down the river, and every one rushed to the river side of the boat. Glances were cast down the stream, and the steamer "Crystal Stream" was seen gliding up the river at full speed, sending a cloud of spray up in front of her bow and leaving a broad wake of foam behind her.

The whistling was continued by the fiend on board the steamer, who seemed to be enjoying himself. Those who surveyed the decks, saw about two hundred persons aboard who had been brought from the other landing at West 17th street. Down on the lower deck of the steamer, were seen five young men in a row, whose faces were encircled in smiles of satisfaction as they surveyed the crowd on the "William Myers" and the crowd on "Crystal Stream." So they stood puffing away at their cigars and looking important. They were the committee of arrangements, and the row was only broken as the steamer bumped against the barge as it came alongside, and as they fell against one another they were brought back to their business and sense of duty.

They were soon aboard the barge, and as soon as it was made fast, people on the barge were running over the "Crystal Stream" in search of friends, and those who came on the steamer began to get over to the barge in the quickest means possible.

The dudish looking young men, who sold tickets and collected them, were ordered about and kept on the jump by the committee of arrangements.

All this time, the Manhattan Catering Company, who had got a few truck loads of good things on board, began to set them up in a manner which would make the best possible display. Kegs of beer were set up and tapped in a jiffy; huge cakes of ice were smashed into small pieces and bottles of wine, brandy and soda were put in tubs and the ice piled therein; three long tables were soon spread with the whitest of cloth, and everything known to eating mankind spread thereon. While cooks were building fires in the half-a-dozen stoves on the barge and putting kettles and pots and pans thereon, the waiters and waitresses were cutting pies, wrestling with ice-cream freezers and cleaning dishes, etc. The scene was truly enlivening, and the most enlivening part was that given by the committee of arrangements, who were rushing all over the dock, the steamer and the barge, rushing into friends shaking hands, and wrestling with each other when they wished to communicate anyanything, and mixing up everything in their attempts to fix things on the biggest deaf-mute and their first excursion.

Soon the committee became exhausted and things were allowed to lookout for themselves. They, left alone, soon righted, and as the minute hand pointed to mire the steamer, set up a terrible whistling and, decorated with flags and streamers, and with the strains of Prof. Sause's orchestra, the trip up the river was begun.

Arriving at 109th street, after about three-quarters of an hour's sail, about fifty more were taken on board and the lines were cast off and the boats headed for the Sound. Soon Hell Gate was passed; Fort Schuyler, Glen Island, David's Island and the Stepping Stone Light House were left behind and the boats were out on the broad bosom of the Sound.

When Hell Gate was passed, the following order of dance was begun:

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

1 Promenade.....Sause
C. L. B. U. D. M.
2 Lanciers.....Weigand
Daisy Don.
3 Waltz.....Messeler
Dream Faces.
4 Quadrille.....Ross
Golden Goup.
5 Schottische.....Braham
Home from Meeting.
6 Polka.....Lemlein
Bridal Salute.
7 Quadrille Waltz.....Boettger
Skylark.
8 Waltz.....Howard
I'll await my Love.
9 Lanciers.....Strauss
Night in Venice.
10 Schottische.....Sause
Climb de golden Stairs.
11 Waltz.....Boll
Newmarket Coat.
12 Quadrille.....Ross
Comfort and Joy.
13 Waltz.....Johnson
Duffy the Swell.
14 Schottische.....Morrison
New Coon in Town.
15 Waltz.....Sause
Call me back again.

INTERMISSION.

The promenade was led off by Floor Manager Bernard Donnelly and Miss Nellie McConnelle, followed by Mrs. Robert Power and lady; then came Mr. John F. O'Brien and Miss L. A. Sweeney, Mr. Sweeney and Miss Lizzie McGrath, and so on, about fifty couples taking part. When the Floor Committee tried to get sets for the lanciers, they were confronted with an unlooked for difficulty — they found that the gentler sex outnumbered the other sex by two to one. But they overcome this by making them dance with each other, which they did very well.

Just before the New York State Line was passed, "Miss McClough's Reel" was struck up, and every one—big and little, young and old, took part in a rattling jig—a regular breakdown, and while it lasted the fun was uproarious, and it was really the most enjoyable dance on the whole part of the programme, though it was not down on it. The regular programme was found to be too short for the sail, and the band had long rests between the dances.

At about 12 o'clock the Point was sighted, and various guesses were made as to the distance it was to the pretty islands opposite it. The distance, as soon as the Point appeared was supposed to be only two or three miles, though it was twenty—it taking the steamer two good hours to get there.

At precisely 2 P.M. the dock was reached, and as soon as the boats were made fast to the dock, a rush was made to the pretty grove, with the small boys in the van, who tumbled pell mell over one another. They were followed by folks with baskets and parcels. The small boys rushed madly over the bridge which connects the dock with the grove and which was supplied with innumerable tables under shady trees. They appropriated these tables by standing upon them or squatting thereon while they mopped their heated faces. On any person's approach, who did not belong to the party represented by the youthful squatter, he gave emphatic notice that the place was pre-empted. Everybody, however, managed to find accomodations somewhere, and the baskets and parcels were unloaded.

Those who did not bring anything along with them, found accomodations at the hotel, which is an immense frame structure. Others, who had "filled up" on the boat before it arrived at the grove, wandered off arm in arm through the meadows and woods. Others—baseball enthusiasts—rushed off to the base ball field and soon two nines were formed and a red hot game was in progress. The old folks present—of whom there was a plentiful supply—knew enough to let the youngsters have things all their own way. The bathing houses were patronized and scores of young and old were wallowing in the deep. Spooney couples rushed off to the photograph gallery and ushered forth a few minutes after critically surveying tin-types. The merry-go-rounds and swings were soon overflowing with laughing, screaming couples. Soon it became noised about that Prof. Sause would give a couple of dances at the grove pavilion, and hither the crowd—now numbering over a thousand—wended its way. Sets for the lanciers were formed, composed mostly of deaf-mutes, and the summer residents, who had been looking cynically on and criticising things, were astonished at the easy and graceful manner in which the Saratoga lanciers were gone through with. A waltz followed which everyone took part in, and while the fun was at its height, the hoarse whistle of the "Crystal Stream" was heard warning all to return. Soon all were thought to be on board and the boats began to move off before the last line had been loosened, two laggards were seen rushing down the bridge, and they just got on board by the skin of their teeth. As soon as the engine was fairly under way, the crowd on shore cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, which was returned with a vim by those on board, the steamer helping them along by whistling.

As soon as the open waters of the sound were reached, dancing was resumed, and here and there, without warning, the jolly Prof. Sause struck up a rattling jig, causing old and young to rise to their feet and make things lively while it lasted.

Darkness came before Glen Island was reached, and the scene that broke upon the eyes of the excursionists reminded one of the scenes in "Excelsior" light houses with its differently colored lights which dotted the way, while every now and then the immense Sound steamers were dashing eastward, and were saluted much to the delight of the young folks and of the old ones, maybe, for

"Four score, like forty, has its hopes and joys:
In earth's broad school house we are all girls and boys."

The young people were about tired of dancing, and as it grew darker they grew less and less visible. Some thought they had fallen overboard, but a hunt through secluded portions of the boat showed this to be untrue. We do not care to be accused of jealousy, therefore we will draw a curtain over the remainder of the two hours' sail.

The Harlem landing was made at 8:30, the 23d Street at 10, and the South 6th Street, Brooklyn, E. D., at 11 P.M. So ended one of the most successful deaf-mute excursions ever held, and it is needless to say that everything was just as it should have been, except that the sail was alittle too long.

JOTS.

Bernard Donnelly, the floor manager, did everything he could to make the affair enjoyable. This is the third time he has acted as floor manager for the society. Anything more said, is superfluous.

John F. O'Brien, one of the assistant floor managers, was on the jump all day—he was jumping down stairs to the bar the greater part of the time.

Mr. Rob. Powers, the next assistant floor manager, looked happy. His eyes outshone the brilliant badge he wore.

The athletic form of E. Souweine, Esq., adorned the railing at the bow of the boat, and got more than his share of the breeze.

President Pownall and his charming better half, annihilated time and the waiteress by sampling the ice cream between the dances.

Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury, with their charming offspring, were the centre of a group who were taking turns holding the child, and exclaiming, "how pretty."

Hon. Alex. Dezendorf was there in a blue lawn tennis shirt and a cut-away coat.

Mrs. Spink and little son should not be overlooked—especially the son, who demonstrated that he had a good pair of lungs.

Francis Crorken, of Lynn, Mass., discussed old times and cigars on the lower deck. The world and he seems to go well together.

John Clark and his sister seemed to be enojying life; therefore they could not miss the excursion.

The select circle, who discussed the presidential candidates on the steamer, were Messrs. Bond, Godfrey, Tresch and a couple of other politicans.

The Herculean form of Sergeant-at-Arms Swartz, of the Brooklyn Society, was seen every where.

Charles Bryan, wife and other relatives, including the baby, formed a colony by themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, were the most popular couple of Brooklyn—what would an excursion be without them?

The jolly and massive form of Ed. McCoville was seen piloting a foaming schooner to the place it should go. His little daughter accompanied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham were there. So was their charming daughter Rosie.

Mr. Delory was there and denied the report that he was to be married to Miss McEntee, of Newark, N. J. The fair one who was there also declined to be interviewed on the subject, and only blushed.

C. Edmonston, of Moodna, N. Y., and his darning needle cane created a sensation.

Leo Greis and wife seem to be still enjoying their honeymoon.

The whole family of the Finn sisters were on hand. Colonel Shelton and Wm. Slattery took turns looking after them.

As Jos. Petit landed on the barge and viewed the scene at 23d St., he exclaimed jollyfully, "you bet we are going to have a good time."

Messrs. Gross and Dunlap represented Jersey City.

The veteran picnicker, Scott, was there.

Robert Heller, of Reigesville, was delighted with every thing.

Mr. D. Sweeney, of Morrisania, and Miss Lizzie McGrath and sister were the last to leave the boat at Brooklyn.

Accounts of the affair appeared in the *Star* of Friday, and in the *Telegram* of Thursday, and, as usual, were exaggerated.

W. Rose was mad because the stay at the grove was so short.

The whole masculine portion of the Hanneman family were on deck.

T. Brown and his white plug were on hand. Tom got filled up so quick that the gas escaping from his swelled head blew the top off his plug and sent it with such force against a beer keg as to blow in the head and spill all the beer.

G. S. Porter and his charming cousin, Miss Hattie Black, and her friend, Minnie Watson, seemed to enjoy life.

Miss Mary Ann Kinney skipped around like a fairy in white and red.

A Capelli danced the soles off his shoes.

T. I. Lounsbury wore the skin off his hands playing base ball.

Boss Elliott attempted to count the number of people at the grove, but failed.

James Williams and his relatives were the biggest Jersey City delegation.

Mrs. Weinberger and her children were there.

Pat. Rooney was there, and being introduced to W. J. Reilly, broke out with:

"So this Mr. Reilly,
Whom they speak of so highly."

Treasurer Hoevell was there, too.

Pat. Carroll, the great deaf-mute laborer, looked on with a satisfied air.

Miss Mary Mullen, of the Fordham Institution, had enough to do hunting up old friends.

David Ballin cast his artistic eye over things.

The colored delegation, Mrs. Simmons and children must not pass unnoticed.

The following is the remainder of the order of dance:

PART SECOND.

1 Promenade.....Sause
America's Emblem.
2 Quadrille.....Ross
Racket.
3 Waltz.....Milton
Valencia.
4 Lanciers.....Weigand
Falka.
5 Shcottische.....Sayers
Robins Sing Goodnight,
6 Galop.....Weigand
Impatient.
7 Quadrille Waltz.....Boettger
Reception.
8 Waltz.....Vith
Flowers of May.
9 Polka.....Miller
Ketch on dem Kars.
10 Lanciers.....Weigand
Royal Guard.
11 Waltz.....Howard
Springtime and Robins.
12 Quadrille.....Strauss
Little Prince.
13 Waltz.....Waldteufel
Path of Flowers.
14 Shcottische.....Sause
By de light of the Moon.
15 Waltz.....Skelly
Mother's Darling Boy.

ADIEU TILL OUR RECEPTION.

The committee of arrangements are satisfied how things turned out. Anything more is needless waste of space.

The distance travelled by the boats from 23d St. and return, was ninety miles, according to the pilot on "Crystal Stream"—a little too long.

The floor committee were as follows: J. P. Donohue, Chairman; J. H. Leonard, W. D. Woods, Thos. Heydon, John Lloyd, Jr., P. A. Campbell, J. D. Shelton, Edmund Barry, J. F. O'Neil, C. A. Green, W. G. Pownall, James Barry, J. H. Anner, William Ennis and James Harrigan. They wore white badges.

The reception committee were: John Nally, Chairman; John Dennen, James Lonergan, J. C. Beilly, Joseph Colby, M. W. Grinnon, J. F. J. Tresch, Richard Burke, P. F. Cassidy, M. L. McCaffrey, W. Slattery, Arthur Leland, James Robinson, William Lane, P. J. McShane and J. H. Coulon.

A young fellow who boarded the excursion at Roton Point, swore he would paint things red before New York was reached. He got left there.

Besides those already mentioned, we noticed W. J. O'Brien, of Hartford, Conn; Joseph O'Brien, Captain of Company C, 8th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and wife; Mrs. W. Morrison and son, of Brooklyn; Mr. Bob Smythe, Misses Ryan and Williams, of Brooklyn; Misses Woodruff, Fisher and Schillmegers, of New York; Ed. McKenna, of Harlem; Mrs. A. Lloyd and daughter, Maggie Companion, Miss Susie Ungembach, Miss Carrie Valmer, Miss Retta Wallen, Miss Maggie Lyons, Miss Lillie Wallen, Miss Maggie Smith, Miss Eugenie Rogers and other Misses and Mrs.'s unnumerable, there being altogether over 600 at the excursion.

X.

BROOKLYN.

Mrs. John A. Lounsbury, *nee* Dicks, would like to hear from her old classmate, Mrs. Hathaway, *nee* Palmatier, through the JOURNAL or by letter to 75 Second Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Mrs. Emily F. Keilt is entirely recovered from her serious illness and gone to Oak Point for the benefit of her health.

Miss Maggie A. Highfield is a guest of her friend, Miss Myra Croak, in Albany, N. Y., and expects to return home in two weeks.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes will open its regular meeting at Tuttle Building, 198 Grand Street, next Wednesday, and all the members are requested to attend and also bring the mutes who wish to join it.

William Ennis is slowly recovering from his serious illness, and we hope he will be all right soon.

Alex. Dezendorf left his suitable position in the wholesale produce warehouse by his father's request, and is seeking a position in a post office through the influences of State Senator Daggett and Alderman Mergh, of his ward.

Mrs. Emily Keilt and her beloved mother expect to go to Ocean Grove where they will stay for a week, next week.

The mutes from the county of Delaware are attempting to organize a society in Lewis, Del., next October, and have invited Alex. Dezendorf to preside at the meeting. He accepted the offer, and expects to sail for Lewis, Del., by Old Dominion line steamship *Brinkwater*, early next October.

Charles Edmonston, of Moodna, N. Y., visited his old friend (the writer), and said the Catholic Literary and Benevelent Union's excursion was a success.

I hope I will send more news next week.

STALWART REPUBLICAN.

Be Patient With the Little Ones.

Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional pertness offend to provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellect the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience; and it becomes you to pet a child who fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently as God teaches you, "line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Cheer him on in the conflict of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought, shall rise and call you blessed.—*Quiver.*

OCEAN GROVE.

Prominent Hotel Arrivals.

NOTES ON CYCLING BY A WHEELMAN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Our usual weekly (sometimes weakly) letter was omitted last week, and the reasons will be found in an item below.

The Madison House on Kingsley Street and Sixth Avenue, is at present enjoying the novelty of having six deaf-mutes among its guests. They are Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod, of Wheeling, W. Va., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McClurg and their daughters, Helen and Georgie, of Pittsburgh, Pa. They will remain until the Pennsylvania Convention assembles, and then go to Philadelphia to attend it. They are evidently enjoying themselves, and are as pleasant a party as your reporter has ever enjoyed company of.

On Friday last, a dapper young man in full regulation "dude" regalia might have been seen alighting from a carriage at the Norman House. He promptly stepped into the office and slung his signature on the register as follows: "Em Souweine, Brooklyn, N. Y." Mr. S. spent a week, and returned to New York in time to attend the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union Excursion. He made many friends while down here, and renewed a number of old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ballock, of Philadelphia, Pa., accompanied by their infant daughter, are stopping at the La Pierre Cottage on Weseley Lake.

Saturday afternoon last, Mr. Albert Guggenheim, a prominent scion of New York's deaf-mute nobility," got away from his office and came down here to spend Sunday. His stay was curtailed, from the fact of his being head book-keeper in his father's Broome Street's establishment, and a prolonged absense was impossible.

A Mr. Stillwell, a resident of New York City and quite prominent at St. Ann's on Sundays, is stopping here for a few days.

The Norman House is just full now, and about a dozen deaf-mute applicants were turned away for lack of accomodations. Camp-meeting ends this week, and then the House will be able to furnish ample facilities for a pleasant stay during the two first weeks of September at a reduced rate. September is the plesantest month at the sea-shore, and we trust that all who can, will come down ere the season ends.

Miss Genevieve Hankins, of Princeton, will bid adieu to us about September 1st.

Camp-meeting is now in session, and the season is at its heights.

Mr. Harry A. Chapman, of Salem, Mass., is rusticating at the Aurora House and leaves us next Tuesday, bound for the Pennsylvania Convention. He stopped at Long Branch a few days before coming here, and looks as if he was enjoying his vacation.

Mr. Joseph Goldman, of New York City, was a guest of the Atlantic House, Long Branch, a few days last week.

Messrs. Geo. S. Porter and Anthony Capelli, both of '84, of the New York Institution, were at Red Bank last Sunday.

Mr. Emil Basch took a trip to Long Branch on one of the Iron Steamboat Company's boats, one day last week. Old Neptune was in a rather playful mood and Mr. B., together with other passengers, were very generous in sharing their breakfast with the denizens of the briny deep.

The other day I met Mr. Joseph Conover, of Little Silver, N. J. Mr. Conover lost his hearing when he was fourteen years old, and his parents sent him to the New York Institution, then located at 50th Street. He did not like it, however, and soon left. Since then he spent many years in California and Norfolk, Va., but has now settled down as a farmer, and has a wife and numerous *family* children.

Congressman Kent and wife are occupying their cottage at Heck and Pennsylvania Avenues, but their daughter, Miss Annabel, is not with them.

We have frequently noticed items in the JOURNAL concerning bicycling. A number of deaf-mutes are apparently well pleased with the diversified and health-giving occupation of cycling. We started our carrer as a bicyclist and after a while became quite proficient in the art, but while it had many advantages, it also had its disadvantages, the principal one was "danger from behind." Several narrow escapes from careless drivers, and runaway horses made the sport somewhat troublesome. We were in a quandry, give up the wheel, we could not, we would not, so there was only one course left, and that was to part with the "bi," and get a tricycle, and we found it was the every thing. Its easy riding, ability to go backward, resting without dismounting, carrying luggage, etc., all commended the machine to the deaf, to whom it is very well adapted. There are only two good makes, the "Columbia" and the "Victor." The former we consider the better of the two, but that is possibly on account of our conceit in owning the "Columbia." Both cost the same—$160—and bell, nickeled lamps and other contrivances not absolutely necessary, but which makes nice accessories, bring the cost up to $175.

A party from Easton, consisting of the Misses Clara and Laura Rodenbough and Miss Mamie Terry, are guests at the Norman House.

Mr. Joe Sonneborn, of Long Branch has been down twice during the past week.

Miss Dora Ballin, who is stopping at Long Branch, informs us that her brother will be home from Europe next month.

HYPO.

August 23, '84.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Miss Preston, a pupil of the Michigan Institution, is holidaying with her married sisted in Englewood, five miles south of Chicago.

Messrs. Codman, Heinlen, Arnold, Jacoby and Fraser, took in the excursion under the auspices of Cleveland and Hendricks, Club to Shieffield, Ind., two Sunday ago.

Mr. Blackman, a graduate of the Jacksonville School, but now of Paris, Texas, is visiting his friends here. He will return home this fall.

Miss Grace Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, Michigan, was in Pullman visiting her relatives, and she was telegraphed for home on account of his father's sickness.

Mr. C. H. Angle is clerking in the Pullman Car Co. office. His breakfast time is 8 o'clock, dinner, 1, supper, 5.

James McBain, hailing from Scotland, got a good position as a cloak tailor last week.

By noticing our mistake in our correspondence that appeared in this paper of August 14th, regarding the score of Chicago-Cleveland game. When we scored 2 runs in the eighth inning of Chicago, it should have been put in the seventh inning instead of the eighth. On Mr. Lynch's delivery, it stood 5 to 3 runs in favor of Chicago. Mr. Lynch, I beg your pardon.

A petition has been subscribed for the purpose of defraying the charge of a funeral, doctor bill, etc., expenses of Miss Lizzie Doyle, who died here on the 23d of July. It amounted to the sum of $50. Messrs. Doughtery and Cotton and Misses Gottscholog were the most liberal by furnishing $5 a piece.

Mr. John Schoor is the happiest father in Pullman. A bouncing baby appeared at his home July 17th.

Again Rev. Read, of Jacksonville, gave a sermon to a large audience at the Young Men's Christian Association August 17th. He is to preach another one at the same place at 3 o'clock, September 7th.

Rev. A. W. Mann, of Ohio, and Rev. Chamberlain, of New York, will give a service at St. Ann's Church at 7:30 P. M., September 2d.

Miss Jennie Lake, of Itasca, attended the service given by Rev. Read last Sunday. It is with regret to learn that she lost her mother on the 20th of July.

Mr. Wm. Gibney and Miss Florence Woods, of graduate of New York School, visited among friends in Pullman, August 10th, and enjoyed boat riding on Lake Michigan.

Mr. Sidney Herbet Howard, (he loves to see his long name) lately of the Michigan Institution, is looking for employment here.

Messrs. Blood and Sullivan and another mute, whose name is withdrawn in this paper, made an appointment for fishing excurison at 3 o'clock A.M., some time ago. The mute failed to appear at the appointed time. While he was running to beat the time of 3 o'clock, a man with blue clothes and a baton in his hand, spoiled his record and held him as his man on suspicion. He protested his innocence, but the blue clothed man determined not let him run. He was brought to his boarding place, and at 10 o'clock A.M., he was before the proprieter. Some questions were asked, and one of his clerk, was sent to see if the mute had a home and family. His wife exclaimed: "He is my husband—send him home at once!" The clerk returning, stated that the facts were true. "You can go," said the proprieter. His wife kissed and hugged him vigorously and told him that they must remove to their old home, sweet home, in Indiana, from the wicked city. They did.

Miss Florence Woods expects her friend, Miss Effie A. Hitchcock, of Flint, Mich., during the exposition that is to open September 3d and close October 31st.

Mr. C. A. Buchan, a clerk at the post office, has just purchased a bicycle.

Mr Matthew Mullen has returned from his five weeks' visit in Ohio and was shaking hands with us yesterday.

Mr. Doughtery is going to stay over Sunday at Amora, Ill., to-morrow.

Another meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club was held at the basement of St. James' Church last night. Mr. Hein, len, was present. Mr. Codman. Secretary, read the minutes quite long. The following members were appointed by the president to form a constitution and by-laws for the club, Messrs. Doughtery, Mullen, Watson-Angle and "C. C. C." Different opinions and suggestions about getting a room were made. On motion of Mr. Codman that Mr. Mullen and "C. C. C." be sent to the Young Mens' Christian Association to talk over the matter and report the same at the next meeting, was passed. Other motions were presented, but are unnecessary for publication. The meeting adjourned at 9:50 o'clock.

C. C. C.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22d.

From Scranton.

As no one has written in the JOURNAL, our favorite paper, an account of the success or failure of our Third Annual Basket Picnic, which, under the management of the members of the deaf-mute branch of the Young Mens' Christian Association, came off on the 26th ult., at Wahler's Grove, near Dunmore, we have, at length, decided to attempt the same, and trust our labor will not be in vain. We have appeared in the JOURNAL before, and therefore feel sure that our re adhearing in it will not cause any sensation whatever.

To begin in the beginning, the 26th of July did not promise us as bright a day as we could have desired, but during the whole day long, Old Sol reigned supreme. Here and there you might have seen deaf officers carrying out orders for the picnic.

The ten o'clock morning train brought from Plymouth our friends and sisters in mutedom—Misses Weil and McKinney, and from Wilkes Barre Messrs. Lee, Williams and Detweiler. We then took the street car up to Dunmore, and, to our surprise, found that our sisters and brothers do not follow the

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise"

principle. What little we could do in the morning, we made much out of. That is, we chatted, renewed old acquaintances, and treated our fair ones to ice cream and drinks—not intoxicating drinks, mind. When we saw how they ate and drank; how grateful their eyes told us they were, and how sorry they were not to have brought their stern parents along in order that they might see how we gents behaved, which was contrary to their expectations, we felt satisfied and amply repaid in, to use the language of Burns,—

"The man's the gowd for a' that."

The several morning trains brought more friends to the spot, and we began to cherish better hopes of the picnic, though we were somewhat disappointed about the Carbondale and vicinity mutes.

By the dinner hour, enough graced the occasion to make it lively and pleasant for all who came. Games were at once indulged in, stomachs filled, and balking and hand-shaking universal.

At one, or thereabouts, all the mutes that could be found on the grounds, had their photograph taken in a group, and judging from the one we saw recently, it is a good photo. In the afternoon, more friends and mutes honored us with their presence, and having more than enough of the beautiful sex on hand, we played Copenhagen, which was a sweet thing to us all, no doubt. That done, Jas. Williams, of Pittston, displayed, in the ball room, his world-renowned skill as master of ceremonies.

At night, the rush came, but your humble servant was not a spectator of it.

Thus did our picnic pass off, and we may safely, also with pardonable pride, say that it was one of the deaf's best. As regards financial and social matters, it certainly was a success. Thanks are due to Mr. Koehler and his squad, who spared no pains to make it as such.

Now, that we have reaped a good harvest, we look forward with great desire for a better picnic next year—an excursion, perchance.

WE PERCEIVED THAT—

Jno. McDonough, of Scranton police fame, dropped in among us with two beautiful girls—beg your pardon, ladies.

Some of Charlie S. Eaton's old friends bore disappointed faces because he didn't come.

J. A. Boland, of the National Deaf-Mute College, was one of us.

Wolfe Morris, of this city, was flirting with the gals and giving them first class taffy.

Mr. Koehler was looking solemn. Cause of it—his thoughts of the rapidly coming State Convention.

Mrs. Koehler, Messrs. Brennan, Sullivan, Judge and Arnold, and Misses Gilmartin and Tighe were no where to be seen.

Patrick Early, Esq., was the bar tender.

All enjoyed a good time.

Messrs. John McDonough and Theodore Goos took advantage of the cheap Shickshinny and Waymart excursions. At the former town, they had the pleasure of meeting Nicely, a pupil of the Philadelphia Institution, and at the latter, Mr. Cooper, a shoemaker by trade.

A young German, whose name begins with a T and ends with a l, and who came from Erie to attend his father's funeral, was in our room, Saturday. He left for home on the midnight train.

J. A. Boland, of Dunmore, went down to Pittston three weeks ago, and spent Sunday with Ed. Flemming. On the morrow, he and Mr. Flemming enjoyed half an hour's chat with Mr. Eaton and Misses Seffler in Wilkes Barre.

Messrs. Eisele and Koehler will be the only ones to represent us at the convention.

Misses Seffler, of Wilkes Barre, honored Miss Kramer, of Hyde Park, with a week's visit, last July.

On his way to Elmira, N. Y., Mr. Hitchcock, of the Philadelphia Institution, had to change cars here, and, to kill time, was walking up Lackawanna Avenue, where he met Mr. Finnerty going home. It was near midnight then, and, of course, we hadn't that delightful pleasure of meeting an old, old friend.

SMITH JONES.

SCRANTON, PA., Aug. 18.